JOHN BULL

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No. 306477

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

We should like it to be clearly understood that in publishing the article which appears on another page, dealing with the case of the "escaped" nun and with the tactics of Mr. Sloan, M.P., and the Protestant Alliance to capture her for propagandist purposes, we are not to be taken as having any kind of sympathy with the Convent system. But that is not a matter which arises in the present case. It is a question of "playing the game."

The idea of a John Bull League is catching on all over the country. We hope to have everything in readiness at the end of the summer. The League will take a short cut through every other existing organisation—applying the one test of Common Sense to all the problems of the day, and uniting in one great composite body all who—ignoring the platitudes of priests and politicians, and putting aside all cant and self-righteousness—are prepared to think for themselves, act for themselves, and rely upon themselves. Instead of thinking so much about the next life, its members will make the most of this; instead of looking to the Government for everything, they will endeavour to govern themselves; the world will be their country, mankind their brethren—to be worthy men and women, their religion; they will not be any less sinners than others—but they won't be "miserable" ones. The League will be inaugurated at a great meeting in London, and after that meetings will be called in every large town, and local branches formed. It will be a political body without party, and, we hope, a religious one, without creed. The members will be taught to keep their bodies healthy and their minds clean, and that then their souls will look after themselves. A great many parsons may be thrown out of work, and much unskilled labour thus thrown upon the market; but, on the other hand, a vast amount of capital will be liberated. We trust that every reader of this journal who sympathises with the scheme thus foreshadowed, will consider himself a potential member of the League.

It now seems to be generally assumed that Mr. Horace Avory, K.C., is to be made a judge, as soon as one of the two impending vacancies occurs. This would indeed be the crowning incident in the *Rex v. Bottomley* scandal. We would welcome the addition to the Bench of a man experienced in criminal law—for recent cases in the Court of Appeal have demonstrated the need of it—but Mr. Horace Avory, who was rebuked almost daily, first by one Alderman and then by another, for his alternate vulgarity and irregularity when pitted against a layman! Come, come, Lord Loreburn.

It is a pity that the Government is following the example of its predecessors in organising another raid against the Somali Mullah. Previous experience has shown that he is quite inaccessible, owing to the waterless character of his country, and the only result will be to waste lives and treasure in an enterprise which, if successful, would not benefit anybody. It would be much better to come to terms with the Mullah.

Year after year, a Yankee named Wellman comes over the sea to announce that he is going to the North Pole by balloon. Gudgeon journalists greedily swallow the statement and publish inane interviews, quite oblivious of the fact that they have been taken in before. We are very curious to know what particular axe the man can have to grind.

What strange spell is it that a titled man throws over the average Radical? The other day they had an election at the National Liberal Club—for a new General Committee. Four titled men entered the lists, as well as a host of plain Misters; and it was found that a peer was first; an Honourable, who happens also to be the heir-presumptive of a peer as well as a Captain, was second; a mere baronet was third. The plain Misters were nowhere. It would be sad if it were not so funny.

The Postmaster-General is proposing to reduce the very limited hours during which post and telegraph offices are at present open in the United Kingdom on Sundays, and is horrified at our suggestion that so far at least as the great centres of population are concerned, the hours should be extended. It is nothing short of a scandal that in the case of many of our large towns it is impossible to send a message—however urgent—during the greater part of Sunday. The same remark applies equally to the telephone service. Considering that the Post Office is run at a large profit, why on earth cannot arrangements be made for a special Sunday staff? And when are we to have a Sunday delivery in London? Oh, for that business Government!

The Attorney-General does not consider it necessary to advise proceedings—even for "Contempt of Court"—against the prosecutor who, in a recent case before the Usk Quarter Sessions, entertained several members of the jury to alcoholic refreshment. Such action is apparently taken only against Members of Parliament who have the audacity to criticise the Government.

The other day we called the attention of the Home Secretary to the statement of Mr. Paul Taylor, the Metropolitan magistrate, to the effect that the clause in the Children Act dealing with admission to licensed premises was resulting in the transference of the public-house on to the pavement and of creating a condition of things worse than that which previously existed. In reply, Mr. Gladstone informs us that he has called for a full report upon the working of this provision of the Act in London. Perhaps the following letter from a Chatham reader may induce him to widen the field of the inquiry:—

> The following may interest readers of JOHN BULL. A shopkeeper next door to a public-house has turned the new Act to advantage. Every night the shop is full of parents with their children, the shopkeeper fetching beer from the public-house for the mothers, who drink it. In the shop is the notice: "Parents can leave their children in this shop while they obtain refreshment in the public-house for ten minutes on payment of one penny. Anyone buying whelks, cockles or mussels, free."

It would, therefore, appear that not only is the Act failing to decrease the consumption of alcohol amongst women, but it is tending to undermine the constitutions of the mothers of England, by encouraging them to indulge in whelks, cockles and mussels.

We don't like bureaucrats, even well-meaning ones, and therefore we don't like the recent leave-it-all-to-John speech of Mr. Burns at Carshalton. Nobody believes that this Government will be able to take in hand the reform of the present Poor Law on the lines recommended by the recent Commission. And hardly anybody believes that the next Tory Government will undertake such a task. Even so, it will be better to leave the Poor Law as it stands than allow any President of the Local Government Board to set up a bureaucracy and carry out so much of the Commission's report as he pleases. True, Mr. Burns suggests that he should report to the House every three months or thereabouts. The greatest of us is not infallible, however, and it is conceivable that Mr. Burns, or if not he, one of his successors, would make confusion worse confounded by multiplying edicts, patching up worn-out machinery, and shoving new officials into new offices to work with the old ones. If we are to have the Poor Law altered at all, let it be altered by legislation, and a more human, less wasteful thing put in its place. The personal pronoun in State Departments is a growing menace. It tends to make M.P.'s the mere registering instruments of the Executive, which is gradually becoming the complete master of the House of Commons, and it would be the gravest political folly to extend the process—even in favour of "honest John."

As General Ian Hamilton says he has swallowed 10,000 quarts of alcoholic liquor, all counted, we are compelled to recognise his self-sacrifice in suddenly determining to sign the pledge—if only "for one year." On the other hand, it is obvious that the General is a man of caution; he wants to feel his way slowly. For our part, if we resolved to become teetotal we should proceed much in the same way; except that we should commence with a pledge of three months and work upwards by quarterly stages as long as it agreed with us. Indeed, it is conceivable that if the Blue Ribbon Army started a Three Months' League, instead of yearning to bind a man for ever and for ever, it would get more customers, and Mr. Lloyd George would get less cash. Tommy Atkins may well say to himself, "There's the General trying how the thing works for a year; if he's open to an experiment, so am I." In this way the Royal Army Temperance Association may gather in several short service teetotalers from among the long service intemperates. But it will be hard on the poor brewer and distiller Taxes are heavy, and trade is awfully dull.

By a majority of two to one the Divisional Court has decided against Canon Thompson on his writ of prohibition directed to Sir Lewis Dibdin, principal of the Canterbury Court of Arches, and to Mr. Alan Banister and his wife, to refrain from proceeding on the decree and monition ordering the Canon to administer Holy Communion. The matter, our readers will remember, arose out of the marriage of Mr. Banister with his deceased wife's sister. From time to time Canon Thompson has refused Mr. Banister and his wife sacrament, though the only ground upon which his action could be legally justified would have been that they were "notorious evil livers." It seems strange that there should be room for two judicial opinions on the matter. Mr. Justice Bray bases his dissent from the opinion of his two colleagues on the fact that the Act legalising marriage with a deceased wife's sister did not repeal the Act of Henry VIII. (holy man!) declaring that such marriages were contrary to the Law of God. Henry VIII. himself made no fuss about the Law of God when it pleased him to marry his brother's widow. He only made a fuss about it and procured an Act declaring the marriage illegal when he set his wicked eyes on Anne Boleyn. As Mr. Justice Darling put it, the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Banister was only against "the Law of God" because the old statute had declared it as such, and since the later statute had been passed, it was against "the Law of God" no longer. That, surely, is the plain common-sense view to take of the matter. However, Canon Thompson has his Bishop behind him, as well as a large number of other violent bigots, so that he will probably exhaust every process of law in his effort to obtain legal sanction for his intolerance.

It will be recalled that Dr. Morgan, a Poor Law medical officer, of West Hartlepool, refused to attend a patient found seriously ill in the street when summoned by the police, on the ground that he had no guarantee for the payment of his fees. We have now before us a case from Swansea which shows how this sort of thing works from the other side. A man took casual lodging in a house in the town. Next morning he complained of being seriously ill. Finding that he got worse during the day, the landlady sent for a policeman to secure his removal to the workhouse infirmary; "but the policeman said it was a case for the relieving officer and not for the police." Subsequently the man was found dying in the street. At the inquest the coroner censured the policeman. "It was not," he said, "for the police to argue that it was not their duty or sphere when sent for by ratepayers in trouble, but to render any aid they could. Though perhaps it was not the duty of the policeman to remove the dying man, yet he should have passed the word on and done what he could to get the relieving officer. It was not for the public to run after either the police or the relieving officer, but it was for these officers to run after the public, whose servants they were." Now that is very good sense, as far as it goes, and very obvious humanity. But let us see how it would work?

The man is in a dying condition. The officer should have left his beat, and thus got himself into trouble, to hunt up the relieving officer, or hunt up somebody else to do the hunting for him. Good; but not necessarily practicable. An ordinary person would say that the moral duty of the policeman was to do something which *was* practicable, namely, summon the nearest doctor. But if he had done that, the doctor would probably have refused to attend because the policeman had no power to guarantee his fees, and presumably, if the Hartlepools branch speaks for the British Medical Association as a whole, that eminent body would have upheld his refusal on the ground that it was no part of his business to act without a certificate from the relieving officer.

Now, if you please, we will turn to another case, which also came before the Swansea coroner. A rag and bone collector fell ill. His sister went to the relieving officer and obtained an order for the attendance of the parish doctor. At the doctor's house she was unable to get an answer, as the doctor was away on his holiday, his work being done by his partner, who lives a mile away. Two days afterwards she again went to the house, and left the order with the servant. She went or sent again in the evening, but received no reply to her knocking. Two hours later, she had to send for another doctor, who came and found the man beyond all hope. After the inquest, the coroner made inquiries, and now explains to the press that no blame attaches to the medical officer, that the woman did not tell the doctor's servant the case was urgent, that the relieving officer had not "filled up the notice stating the nature of the case," that this was handed back to the messenger with instructions what to do, and that these instructions were not carried out. Thus does our Poor Law system operate. Was ever such a vicious circle? After all, we are almost persuaded to "leave it to John."

On the face of it, it did seem improbable that Mr. Gladstone would permit an old man of 65 to be lashed in addition to doing a sentence of a year's imprisonment for being an "incorrigible rogue"—*i.e.*, a beggar for bread. Mr. Montague Sharpe seems desirous to maintain the traditions associated with the name of his predecessor, Sir Ralph Littler. It is impossible that respect for justice can be maintained while such examples of ferocity are set by justices of the mental temperament of Mr. Sharpe. The old man was only an "incorrigible rogue" by fiction of the law—in the same way that Mr. Sharpe is a "Justice." Mr. Gladstone has again stepped in to prevent a brutal judicial outrage, and we honour his action in the matter. By the way, only a few days ago an actor claimed to be excused from service on a jury in that he was a "rogue and vagabond" by law, and rogues and vagabonds are disqualified. His claim was allowed. Other actors may like to make a note, in case.

Jim Crow is an inveterate smoker. He went to buy his cigarettes from a new shop the other day and was told frigidly by the old woman in charge: "I can't serve you." He had often heard this refrain in bars and other places where they sip, but it was a new chorus from a tobacconist. He lisped: "Why?" But almost before it came out of the vendor's lips, the horrible truth dawned on him: he had been taken for a youth below 16. There are evidently penalties attached to the good conscience, which is alleged to be the elixir of life. The same story has been told about a celebrated little jockey, but Jim assures us that he was the original victim of the new Act.

It is amusing to find a journal like the *Daily Telegraph* reproducing the following excellent sentiment, which first appeared half a century ago:—

Go tell the World of Conscripts
That Britain's Britain still;
Go tell the World of Conscripts
Our watchword's Freedom still.
So let aggression's forced array
Fill those it may with fears;
We'll answer their conscription with
One Million Volunteers.

Other rabid writers, please copy. Kincaid Smith, please digest.

The Servian Government threatens to raise a new loan in England, but we doubt whether even the blandishments of Mr. Tucker, their eminent Consul-General, will extract many coins from the City.

The exposure of "knocks-out" at auctions ought to do good. Dealers have too long terrified genuine bidders and robbed innocent vendors. The only wonder is that anyone ever sells anything by auction without a substantial reserve. Persons in search of a new form of sport should go to a sale room and raise the dealers as far as they will go, then leave them with what they don't want and see that they pay more than it is worth. But that would require considerable astuteness and pluck.

Messrs. Maskelyne and Devant are very enterprising and ingenious caterers for popular entertainment; and it was a bright idea on their part to engage Mr. John Philip Quin, a gentleman hailing from the Great Republic and formerly engaged in the presumably lucrative business of professional gambler. Mr. Quin, we gather, has been "converted." We also gather that instead of going about preaching to sinners, he takes the severely practical line of engaging himself out at a salary to show how wickedness is worked by card trickery, and to demonstrate the folly of playing with strangers. We are in no need of the lesson ourselves; but no doubt there are people less sophisticated. The effect of the Quin gospel is heightened by the fact that its exponent is a benevolent looking old boy; just the sort of white-thatched fatherly person whom the cub crossing the Atlantic for the first time might feel that he could take on at poker with the utmost safety. During Quin's engagement with Messrs. Maskelyne and Devant, Sunday-schools and Territorials, commercial travellers, and other innocent persons, ought to be admitted at half-price.

Pious Glasgow has been exciting itself once more about the proper limits of human liberty on the Sabbath. The Caledonian Railway Company (more power to its engines) has decided to run popular excursions during the summer from the most smelly of Scottish cities (not excepting Dundee and Aiberrdeeen) to fresh air and beauty spots on the Clyde. Now fresh air and beauty, as we have pointed out more than once, are the natural enemies of smug religiosity. Therefore, the bigots are in arms against the railway company, which would establish the rival attractions to the shebeen and the hot gospeller. Scripture (and we know who can quote Scripture when it serves his purpose) is being handed out in yard lengths in Glasgae th' day: texts were never cheaper. However, we are happy to learn that the anti-Fresh Air fiends are not having it all their own way; and we trust that Scotland will show plainly that she has no use for the Compulsory Kirker any longer.

The pretended concern of the Sabbatarians for the leisure and the soul of the engine driver, the guard and the ticket man is all humbug. Properly organised, Sunday railway services and a six-day week for railway men are not incompatible; and, at the worst, the Sunday excursion traffic on the Scottish railways as it is proposed, need not compel any worker to work on the Sabbath above once in three or four months. Possibly the best of the railway workers and the worst of their Sunday patrons will get to heaven in due course, despite this horror. Let the objectors come up London way and accompany a Sunday League trip to any of the nearer watering-places, and if they can conscientiously condemn anything they see—in the trippers—we will apologise for giving them the trouble, and pay their expenses—back.

With reference to the Bacon-Bellairs incident, whilst we sympathise deeply with our honourable colleague in the infamous treatment he has received, he is still to be congratulated from one point of view. He might have been prosecuted!

We recently addressed an Open Letter to the Home Secretary on a case of gross magisterial injustice at Cambridge. But one from Westbury, in Wiltshire, runs it close, the magistrates being two persons named Laverton—whether of the same family we do not know. Briefly, an inmate of the local workhouse was sent by the master to fetch fourteen pints of milk from a contractor. While returning with the milk, the man was seen by a police officer to call at the house of a Mrs. Francis. The woman's husband was a chronic invalid; that the officer admitted. The man said he saw in the house a little child who looked poorly. "He asked the child if she was hungry, and gave the mother some milk for it"; to be accurate, half-a-pint, and that was what the man was charged by the Guardians with stealing. He admitted that he had given the poor woman "a drop of milk" on a previous occasion. The magistrates discharged the man, the real thief—"leaving it to the master to give him extra discipline." But for "receiving" the milk, this woman with the helpless, invalid husband and "poorly-looking" child, was sent to gaol for seven days. Wicked, cruel, brutal, monstrous! Does any man of human feeling, any man, if you please, of iron justice, pretend that these Westbury J.P.'s are persons fitted to exercise the functions of magistracy in this country? If we had our way, the Messrs. Laverton should not sit on the Westbury bench one hour longer; neither they, nor any of their kind.

It is not often one finds a big fish story in a school book seriously intended for the instruction of the young. Naturally the writers of school "readers" await more definite and reliable information before treating of the sea serpent; but a standard "reader" written and published in Dublin and used as a fount of knowledge for Irish youngsters has discovered a shark that must hold its own with any fish that ever swam in the sea. The "reader" gravely asserts that this particular fish is usually caught off the west coast of Ireland, that it is frequently *as long as five men*, and that its liver, from which the fishermen extract valuable oil, sometimes weighs *two tons!* Now if that statement appeared in an irresponsible newspaper, few would believe it. But coming from a school "reader" it must be true. We are told that the leviathan is "as long as five men," but we are left in uncertainty as to how many lumps of chalk it would weigh against. A well-proportioned fish of this species, with organs scaled according to the two-ton liver, should weigh about forty tons—of course with the head, tail, fins, fleshy covering, and other appurtenances thrown in. Surely the school book is wrong in calling it a shark. It's "very like a whale"!

The Portsmouth magistrates have remembered that there is such a thing as a Probation Act, a fact which many magistrates are inclined to forget. In one case a man before them was charged with stealing goods while employed at a drapery bazaar. His wages were 15s. a week, and he had to keep a wife and two children after 7s. had gone for rent. "He had only one dinner a week, and that was on Sunday." A police officer gave evidence that "practically the only thing left in the house after the articles stolen had been cleared out was a bed." Another prisoner, eighteen years of age, was charged with stealing pictures from the same firm. He took them with the intention of selling them to buy food, his wages being ten shillings a week. Both men had good characters, and the magistrates dealt with them as first offenders. Which was the right thing to do.

We have heard that Mr. Pointer, the new M.P. fra' Sheffield, had never set foot in London till he came up to take his seat at Westminster. He'll feel strange.

For some time past it has been customary for the organisers of the Bexhill-on-Sea P.S.A., which is a Nonconformist affair, to invite members of church choirs, including the choir of St. Barnabas, to sing at its gatherings. The vicar of St. Barnabas has now come to the conclusion that for a church choir to sing in a Nonconformist chapel is un-Christian and desperately wicked. At any rate, he has forbidden his choir to do it again. To describe this action in adjectives would be to repeat what we have had to say so often, and repetition is tiresome. The choir have their remedy. They can either take the vicar's prohibition lying down or they can strike. Our advice being sought, we recommend them to strike.

It is pointed out to us that Bournemouth is by no means the only Sabbatarian-ridden town in the country, though it is not exactly news. Lincoln is another example. Here is a place of some 60,000 people, the upper ten of whom won't vote in municipal affairs, while the lower 59,990 are alleged to be equally indifferent to the government of the town. The result is that the unco guid have it all their own way. On Sundays the parks are closed as early as possible; and if two people are caught conversing in the streets they are in danger of getting into trouble with the policeman on the beat. Add to this, the municipal trams are laid up (despite the deficit on them), though they provide the only convenient means for thousands of people of reaching the delightful surrounding country. Our experience of cathedral cities is that they are all deadly dull on Sundays and most of them during the rest of the week as well. A city, like a nation, usually gets the sort of government it deserves. If Lincoln people will not go to the polling booths at municipal elections, or if they go, vote to be church-ridden and chapel-ridden, they must stew in their own juice. That is really all there is to be said.

Are not the local authorities at Hebden Bridge becoming too excessively extravagant? Recently a new rate collector was appointed for the town. This started a row between the Guardians and the Overseers as to the amount of the gentleman's bond. The result, at the time of writing, is that the Overseers have referred the question to the Council, who appointed the collector, "in the expectation that they will meet the wishes of the Guardians and lead to an increase of the salary to cover the amount." It appears that the collector has to gather in £5,000 a year for the Guardians and £8,000 for the Council. He is required to furnish two bonds of £500 and £300, his salary, or wage, or *pourboire*, or whatever you may choose to call the payment for his services, being one guinea per week, and it is understood and expected under the terms of the appointment that he will not spend his substance on riotous living. If the Council can see their way to put up the salary to one-one-six, or give the poor man his dinner on Sunday, or sole and heel his boots every quarter, or make an official allowance for patching his trousers if and when necessary, this will perhaps end the discussion and enable him to proceed with the collection of his £13,000 of rates palpitating with gratitude and beaming with rectitude. That he should be put to collect all that cash on a guinea a week strikes us as one of the most magnificent examples of confidence which a community of ratepayers can repose in one of their fellow citizens.

Archdeacon Sinclair is an insatiable pursuer of advertisement. His latest dodge is to inform a breathless world that he never "censures" his servants, and that he encourages them to go out as much as possible. We suppose that if they got drunk, pawned the spoons, and kicked the cat, he would still cover them with compliments. But when he gives a menial a character, it will have to be discounted.

Kindly permit us to rub our eyes. "It is not too much to say," writes Lord Northcliffe, from Berlin, to one of his own organs, "that accounts of phantom German airships alleged to be flying over England and the North Sea, freely telegraphed here each day, are placing England and Englishmen in a ridiculous and humiliating light." As a fact, it was the papers owned by Lord Northcliffe which started this Bedlam scare.

For, come to think of it, it has been a melancholy sight to watch one Northcliffe newspaper trying to outrival another in publishing these airy scareship yarns of the mentally afflicted. As a Bedlam doctor has informed the reporter of one of the group, it indicates hallucination by suggestion. "So many stories of airships are going about that it is quite possible people of unstable mentality may build in their minds from some suggestively similar but commonplace sight the vision of an airship." A ha'penny firework dangling at the end of a penny balloon will do it.

Only very occasionally have we reason to complain of the decisions of stipendiary magistrates. What is the matter with him of Middlesbrough? Sitting in the Juvenile Court a few days ago, a big policeman brought up to him a small boy (aged 12, to wit), and charged him with Sunday trading. This daring child was perceived in the act of "delivering newspapers from door to door and taking payment for the same." The boy's father gave evidence that he "did not think his son was doing anything wrong," and even the policeman "thought the papers were ordered, though he did not know for certain." Despite all this, the sapient stipendiary ordered the infant to an industrial school and mulct the father 2s. a week towards the maintenance; an industrial school being an educational institution for children intermediate between Eton College and the county gaol. So are the days of wickedness numbered by the Middlesbrough stipendiary; he putteth the fathers to eat sour grapes, and the teeth of the child hath he set on edge.

WORRIED LOOKS.—XXVIII.

THE BOOKMAKER AND "LARRY LYNX," WHO CONTINUES TO "SPOT THE WINNERS" FOR OUR READERS.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

For stating that "a lady wishes to sell her piano, as she is going abroad in a STRONG IRON FRAME."

AN ADVERTISER IN *THE ISLE OF ELY AND WISBECH ADVERTISER*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that, in a FIVE *miles scratch race, Williams spurted to the front some* SIX *miles from home."*

THE BIRMINGHAM GAZETTE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting that the same filly came in first and third in the Copeland Maiden Plate,

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the following report: "In conclusion, Mr. Muir stated that in spite of the attempt made yesterday to discredit the jury because of jocular behaviour of one of its members, he held that the jury was extraordinarily INCAPABLE, *intelligent, and attentive,"*

THE WORCESTER DAILY TIMES
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "she spends ALL *her time in church, and* THE REST *in the poorest cottages,"*

A WRITER IN *CHRISTIAN NOVELS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the fleet returned to HANOVER."

THE BELFAST EVENING TELEGRAPH
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing that "the goods have, in fact, gone out faster than we could get them round,"

S. & J. WATTS & CO., OF MANCHESTER
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "Ebor was found to have broken down in the REAR FORE LEG,"

THE EASTERN EVENING NEWS (NORWICH)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "Isaac was brilliantly caught leg-before-wicket in Hirst's square-leg trap by Rhodes,"

THE YORKSHIRE EVENING POST
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the mutilated body of a young boy was found on Tuesday morning in Bishop Auckland Cemetery, and was identified as that of an ex-policeman, who subsequently was found hanged,"

THE BRIDGWATER INDEPENDENT
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting Mr. Winston Churchill as saying: "We hope the trade unions will keep their VAGRANTS' [*vacants'*] *books in some cases at the exchanges, and in any case the fullest interchange between the* VAGRANT *offices of trade unions and labour exchanges can take place,"*

THE DAILY NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the following obituary notice:

IN MEMORIUM.

THE LATE EARL EGERTON OF TATTON.
A truer, nobler, trustier heart,
More loving or more loyal, never beat
Within a human BEAST.

THE STOCKPORT ADVERTISER, THE ALDERLEY ADVERTISER AND THE EAST CHESHIRE GAZETTE
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

For stating that a pair of jackdaws "built a nest of sticks and rubbish some FIVE FEET IN HEIGHT,"

THE ANDOVER ADVERTISER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

THE M.P. AND THE EX-NUN.

HOW MR. T. H. SLOAN, M.P., "CAPTURED" THE "ESCAPED NUN."

In our issue of May 8th, there appeared an open letter to Mr. T. H. Sloan, M.P., in which it was suggested that in his capacity as an official of the Protestant Alliance, he had bribed the young lady who recently "escaped" from a convent. Through his solicitors, Mr. Sloan entirely denied this assertion and sent us, with a letter calling on us to withdraw and apologise, a communication from the ex-nun herself, in which she states that this charge is without any foundation. Now, the open letter was not inspired by a desire to unjustly hold Mr. Sloan or Miss Moult up to ridicule. Indeed, its very tone will convince anyone that it was in the nature of a friendly remonstrance. We had heard certain rumours in connection with this case, and those rumours turn out to have been substantially true; but in the light of Mr. Sloan's disclaimer, we withdraw the suggestion that *he* has personally bribed the young lady.

For all that, it was not unreasonable to connect the hon. gentleman with the matter, for it has been freely stated, both by himself and by the secretary of the Protestant Alliance, that he had the matter in hand. At the annual meeting of the Alliance held at Queen's Hall on April 30th last, Mr. Sloan, who presided, said, they (*i.e.*, the Protestant Alliance) "would see that Miss Moult was well done for." During the evening two promises of donations for the lady's personal benefit were sent up, and photographs of her were on sale, the proceeds of which, the secretary announced, would, "in a way," benefit Miss Moult. Up to the time of writing, we believe the lady has not received, at all events in money, either the donations or any profits from the photographs, or any *money* at all. So much the worse for the Alliance. When demur was made at having the photograph taken, they suggested that as much as £25 might be the benefit Miss Moult would derive from its sale. Presumably they intend to hand over this money at some future time, but it would appear to be part of a device to avoid any appearance of bribery not to do so at the moment. We cannot see why the two cheques promised at the Queen's Hall meeting were not handed over to the lady. The Protestant Alliance have no right to hold them back.

Our representative recently called at the office of the Protestant Alliance for some information about the ex-nun, and was referred to Mr. T. H. Sloan, M.P., who was said to "have the matter in hand." He wrote to Mr. Sloan and received from him a reply, inquiring "in the interests of Miss Moult" what he was prepared to pay for the information he wanted. In face of all this, we repeat that it was not unreasonable to connect the hon. member for South Belfast with the case, and to suppose him to have been acquainted with all that has been done in the matter.

While we withdraw any suggestion of bribery on the part of Mr. Sloan, and if the word hurts anyone, we withdraw the word bribery altogether, we were, nevertheless, entitled to use it, as our readers will judge from the following facts. If no actual cash has passed between the Protestant Alliance and Miss Moult, it has been generally understood by those who have come into contact with her, and repeatedly stated by herself, that they were keeping both her and her mother going. The landladies of apartments which they have occupied quite understood that they were being kept by the Protestant Alliance, and there is not the least doubt that, ever since some sort of arrangement was come to between either Miss Moult and her mother, or both of them, and the Protestant Alliance, they have been kept, and were, until a few days ago, being kept, by that body. Apart from this, offers have been made in terms for the services of Miss Moult at certain meetings, and it is abundantly plain that the Alliance have kept her going in the hope that she will ultimately become a second Edith O'Gorman.

Since she has been in connection in some way with the Protestant Alliance, Miss Moult has constantly changed her address. She stayed for a time at a certain hotel in the Strand, and when she left with her mother the instructions were that all letters were to be forwarded to the Protestant Alliance! It is absolute nonsense, therefore, to suggest that there is no arrangement existing between these people. The object the Alliance have in view was plainly declared by Mr. D. S. Hyslop, the organising secretary, at the Queen's Hall meeting. Speaking after Miss Moult had left, he said "they hoped Miss Moult would give many Protestant lectures in the future." The religious habit which she wore on that occasion, although she had been finally dispensed from her vows by Rome some time before, is at this moment in the office of the Protestant Alliance.

We have plenty of evidence of the sort of pressure which has been brought to bear upon Miss Moult. She has received a great deal of interested kindness from persons more or less connected with the Alliance, and has felt under an obligation, in addition to which other influences have been at work which have resulted in Mrs. and Miss Moult's practical dependence upon that body for their livelihood. We do not wish to say a word which will injure the feelings of either of these ladies. If she is wise, Miss Moult will put a speedy end to her association with the strife-making society, whose object clearly is to make her a tool with which to vilify a section of the Christian Church to which she still belongs, and which we understand she has no intention of leaving. For her we have nothing but pity, for the Protestant Alliance, who have exploited the temporary needs of herself and her mother for their own ends, we have nothing but contempt. We do not wish to go into the case as it concerns the convent, or into the details of the so-called "escape." We have before us plans of the structure and arrangement of the convent buildings, of the financial position of the establishment, and the statements of persons concerned in the "escape," which were submitted to the Chief Constable of Suffolk, and with these before us, we say that the Protestant Alliance publications on the matter are a tissue of falsehoods. The lady herself has absolutely no charge to bring against the convent.

In conclusion, we will ask a few specific questions:

How much have the Protestant Alliance made out of the photographs of Miss Moult, which it has been suggested were being sold for her benefit?

Is it true that in one case as much as £20 to £25 was paid for a copy by a well-known refreshment contractor?

How much money has passed between the Protestant Alliance and a certain relation of Miss Moult's?

Is it true that an offer of £50 was made if she could be induced to go on to their platform?

Is it true that a certain weekly journal offered Miss Moult a large sum to write an article on her life, which she refused to do, although she was urged to do so by the person referred to above, who, to quote Miss Moult's own words, told her "to get as much out of them as she could"?

Has Mr. Sloan obtained possession of the girl's convent ring; and, if so, how did he get it?

Under what conditions did Mr. Sloan induce the girl to come to the House of Commons—and were those conditions fulfilled?

PRESSMEN, PRESS AGENCIES, AND PRESS COPY.

In our issue of May 15th we published an article entitled "Inside the German Fleet," with the subsidiary line, "Remarkable Disclosures by an Eye-witness." A day or two after publication our evening contemporary the *Star* demonstrated that this article was almost identical with one that appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* in November, 1906, and next day the *Morning Leader* and the *Westminster Gazette* gave the same information.

And now for the history of the article. Some time in March it was sent us by Mr. J. H. M. Howe. We were much struck by it, but thought some of it had already appeared, and we, therefore, considered it right to see the author for the purpose of satisfying ourselves before deciding to publish the article. Accordingly the Assistant Editor wrote to him asking him to call upon us for the purpose of discussing the article, and in reply we received the following :—

St. John's,
April 29th, 1909.

Dear Sir,—I am obliged for your letter of last evening suggesting an interview. I should have been pleased to accede to this, but am at present laid up with a serious attack of influenza, and am sorry to say I am too seedy to get about.

I should be pleased, however, to send you by post any information you may need. I am glad you are interested. It is a subject I have been writing and insisting on for some years, and I should be glad to stir *your* public.

Yours truly,
(Signed) J. H. M. HOWE.

Our readers will agree that this was a very proper letter in itself, but we still hesitated to publish the article without seeing the writer, and it will be noticed that whilst Mr. Howe's letter is dated April 29th, the article did not appear until May 15th. Finally (being unable to trace any previous publication within the period covered by the new Naval discussion, and being satisfied upon various statements of fact) we decided to publish it.

Upon reading the article of the *Westminster Gazette*, we wired to Mr. Howe, requesting him to call upon us immediately. His brother replied through the telephone that he was out of London, and his address unknown. By the evening's post we wrote to Mr. Howe, to the effect that if he had an explanation to offer we should be glad to have it. On May 20th we received a reply, the salient passages of which we give below :—

I fear I can only attribute my trespass (?) to an habitual carelessness in keeping no record of past work, and while not advancing this as any excuse, amidst a great mass of writing for the past twelve years, it is difficult to recollect everything that has actually been published from my original notes on many subjects. These notes in great numbers have been stacked away in the rooms which I use when in town, and when running through them recently for some details with reference to German organisation, I came across what I am exceedingly sorry to think I must have included in some other article a few years back.

As I am not wholly dependent upon journalism, and have more work than I know how to compass, to have accepted such a risk knowingly would have been a piece of gratuitous folly. I may say that any question of remuneration in this case was quite outside my object, but having for a long time endeavoured to awaken the public to the growing danger of Germany, I was anxious, as I think I wrote you, to put some salient facts before the many readers appealed to by your excellent journal.

Such is Mr. Howe's explanation of a very unpleasant incident. He will permit us to suggest that if he continues to write for the Press it may save future unpleasantness if he adopts some method which will protect him from sending to editors as original matter copy that has already appeared from his pen in a public journal.

But these things will happen in the journalistic world. It may be remembered by some of our readers that a couple of years ago we were interested in a journal known as *John Bull Over-Seas*, subsequently sold by us, and now known as *The Imperial Review*. In April, 1907, we published in that journal a lengthy article—extending over several pages—entitled "The Game Veld of Rhodesia," by Stanley Portal Hyatt, and in the *Idler* of January, 1909, this article appears word for word, save that the title is altered to "The Land of the Buffalo and the Lion," the authorship being avowed, but no acknowledgment or reference of any sort being made to us. We thereupon directed the attention of the Editor of the *Idler*, Mr. W. A. Barr, to the facts, and next day we received a letter from him as follows :—

With reference to your letter of the 24th inst., I find that the British serial rights of the article you mention ("The Land of the Buffalo and the Lion") were bought by us from the Trans-Atlantic Press Alliance, of 10, Norfolk Street, Strand—who were empowered to sell same by the *Metropolitan Magazine*, of the U.S. America—in July, 1906.

And we received the following letter from Mr. S. P. Hyatt, dated March 27th, 1909 :—

The *Metropolitan* bought the American serial rights only, through Pinker. There was never any question of their having British serial rights. They paid Pinker, and Pinker paid me, for the American rights.

On March 29th we answered Mr. Barr's letter, and we take the following from our reply :—

If these people sold you the British serial rights, they sold you what did not belong to them, and it seems to me that it is for you to deal with them. So far as the proprietors of *John Bull Over-Seas* are concerned, they have only to deal with you, as representing the proprietors of the *Idler*, who have used the article without permission or acknowledgment.

To that Mr. Barr replied under date April 5th :—

I am obliged by your letter of the 29th ult., and am looking fully into this matter so as to get at the exact circumstances of the sale. Immediately I have the information I am seeking, I will again communicate with you.

Although we refreshed Mr. Barr's memory on May 17th, we have not heard further from him.

Now, in this case, of course, we do not suggest that any blame whatever attaches either to the writer of the article—Mr. Hyatt—or to the publisher, Mr. Barr, but the fact remains that a literary agency doing, as we understand, a considerable business in this country, although of American origin, sent to another journal as unused and original copy an article which had already appeared a year earlier in our own journal, and apparently we must go to law if we are to obtain any sort of redress.

ONE HUNDRED (MORE OR LESS) POINTS FOR PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.

(With profound acknowledgments to the "Daily Express" and the "Daily News."

BY W. M.

Point '99. *That a qualified Elector should be able to vote* WHERE HE IS *instead of* WHERE HE WAS.

Under the existing confused, complicated, and obfuscated franchise laws, it is possible for an elector to vote in a constituency in which he no longer may have either material or sentimental interest, and at the same time be debarred from exercising the same privilege in the constituency in which he is living, paying rates and taxes, and, possibly, owning property.

Jones, having become a householder in Newcastle in JUNE, 1908, becomes a qualified Newcastle elector in JULY, 1909. In AUGUST, 1909, business or some other reason compels him to leave Newcastle and settle at Southampton. In JUNE, 1910, by-elections take place at both Newcastle and Southampton. Because Jones must not appear on the Southampton register until JULY, 1911, he is debarred from exercising the franchise in the constituency to which he has transferred *all his interests*. Whereas he may pay his own fare and travel up to Newcastle to vote in the election of a Parliamentary representative for a division which he has removed from and in which he feels no further concern.

From which it plainly must be seen that an elector, once qualified and placed on the register, should *take with him* the power to vote, no matter to what constituency he may remove, provided he still qualifies for the householders' or lodgers' vote.

The abolition of this anomaly must be included in the Reform Bill of the Business Party.

AN ANAGRAM.

A bright little periodical called the *White Magazine* (3½d.) has awarded a prize for the anagram : "Horatio Bottomley —To try him! O too able." Very ingenious—but is it a compliment?

REST.

By MADGE JONES.

The soft October mist fell gently on the worn old figure as Margaret Willden—known in the village, even among her contemporaries, as "Old Marg'ret"—straightened herself and tried to excite her dulled hearing to catch the faintest sound of the strokes of six from the church clocks.

There had been very few of life's experiences that had fallen gently on "Old Marg'ret." Fate's blows had followed each other in such rapid succession that the tired old mind and heart had by now been rendered impervious to the suffering they brought, and she simply *endured*, waiting passively for kindly Brother Death to deal the final merciful blow which should release her. Even for that she felt no keen desire, but accepted existence as she had grown to accept all things, as a part of that deep, inexplicable puzzle which none could solve this side of the grave, called Life.

And yet she had asked so little of life! Neither wealth nor grandeur had she ever coveted. Only in youth a little happiness, in old age a little ease, but as yet she had had neither.

From six years old to seventy-six she had toiled and slaved unceasingly. The exuberance of the few joys that came her way had been so dulled by endless labour, so dimmed by perpetual physical fatigue, that even they were raised but very slightly from the dead grey level of life that she had come to look upon as her lot, unquestionably, with that dumb, spiritless humility that is the frequent companion of decent poverty.

At six she had worked for an invalid mother, earning a few coppers or an armful of vegetables by running errands, weeding the smooth gravel paths belonging to the "big houses," and minding babies who seemed to comprehend that this living, breathing organism that so conscientiously protected them might be kicked or kissed at will.

At nine, a grave little woman, she had gone out "charing," her constant companions mops, brushes and heavy buckets which, carried labouringly with one thin arm held out straight from her side to balance the emaciated body, had crushed out all beauty from the youthful frame, and left hard lines and stunted growth where should have been soft curves and willowy grace.

Dolls? Balls? Books? These were not for such as she. Away with such useless baubles! Bread and meat and the where to lay one's head were the great questions of life.

At eighteen she had married. William was a good fellow, and when they had "walked out" for two years he obtained a good job for three months. They had not stayed to reflect that the three months would pass by, but had married at once, for her mother was dead by that time.

The three months passed by and William was "out of a job"; not "out of work," for that phrase applies to the regular worker whom fault or misfortune has thrown out of employment. "Out of a job" is the phrase to use in connection with those indefinite units who, educated in no craft or trade, live on the proceeds of "odd jobs," in the interregnum of which they exist mysteriously—how, God only knows!

William was "out of a job," so she, never questioning the justice of the arrangement, went out charing again, and plied the familiar mops and brooms until, in due course, she was forced to "lay up" for three days, for the first time in her life.

How proud she was of the baby! He had been the first of those joys which even the unceasing labour of her life had been inadequate to completely annul. He was a fine little fellow and "favoured" his father, to her great content. Before he was a fortnight old she was out at work again, making many journeys home to the two-roomed cottage in the course of the day to feed little Joe, who chuckled and crowed as he drew life and strength from her into himself. When she held him in her arms, gladly lavishing on him the nourishment that her poorly-fed body could ill spare, she felt stirrings within her of that higher part that we call the "soul." For the first time in her life her ambition awoke. She longed for the good things of life to come to little Joe, and felt ready to brave fire and water that he might succeed and be happy and good.

But before little Joe had celebrated the first anniversary of his birthday she held his little sister in her arms, and the clamouring cries of the hungry little ones drove all but care for the immediate present from her mind. William worked when he could get work, but he was often "out of a job," and the knowledge that the children were hungry did not drive him to distraction as it did her. "*He* had often been hungry when he was a little 'un," he told her. "Why shouldn't they?" But all the parental instinct of protection and provision for her young that is implanted in the breast of the female in every branch of animal creation fought for the children, and she toiled early and late. She loved them all—those happy, chubby babies that arrived year by year with such unfailing regularity—but she never felt again the thrill of longing for success and advancement that the advent of little Joe had awakened. She was too tired; too *tired!*

Then William was striken with that curse of the poor, typhoid fever, following close upon her busy couriers, ill nourishment and bad sanitation. How she had striven to save his life; striven with pangs as great and endurance as steady as had attended the birth of those six other lives which she had lived to produce; striven in vain, for William died—and "Old Marg'ret" worked on.

Two of the boys died of the same disease that had killed their father; the two other boys and the two girls lived to grow up, all of them "bread-labourers," receiving just so much of what they produced as would serve to keep body and soul together. Perhaps it was justice! Perhaps they were mere cumberers of the earth, worthy of no more than they received. I know not. These are facts, but, stripped of the haze which envelops them in the eyes of the Political Economist, unexplained by the clear, cutting reason of the law of "supply and demand," they appear hard and cruel.

"The children" were as good to their mother as their circumstances would allow. They helped her when they could, but that was seldom. So she had laboured on, living from day to day, dull and unexpectant.

The ladies and gentlemen at the "big houses" bestowed on her an occasional half-crown or a warm shawl, or a flannel petticoat, all of which she accepted with deep gratitude and humility. It never occurred to her at all that because of her long life of strenuous work she had a *right* to a share of ease and comfort in her old age. She never wondered why some people lived in luxury while others starved. "Old Marg'ret" was not one of the intelligent poor.

Now, at seventy-six years of age, she longed more than ever for rest and peace. While she could work she would never go to "the Union," but latterly a fear had been growing within her that she would not be able to continue longer. Her feebleness grew apace and life became a heavy burden, almost too great to be borne.

But now, there was hope in her breast. During the last three months the cry that had been ringing over the land had penetrated even her dimmed understanding. At first the words "old age pensions" frequently repeated, had conveyed no meaning to her. But gradually she had grasped the fact that she—she, "Old Marg'ret," would be allowed five shillings a week.

Five shillings a week! People who count their income by pounds, and those pounds by hundreds, can have no idea of what that may mean to those who have all their life worked for coppers and sixpences.

With five shillings a week she might rest. That was the sole thought that possessed her. She might rest! Rest! It meant more than heaven to her. To be still; not to be obliged to drag her weary old body over the rough ground doing field-work; to be able to cease from the endless charing.

She did not wonder where the money was to come from. She never thought of all the discussion, work, dispute and quarrelling with which the measure had been decided upon. It merely seemed to her that it was a gift from heaven to ease her especial suffering.

Merely one of life's "no-accounts"! The necessary ballast of that social system of which we are so justly proud; that social system that has educated the children, limited the working hours, striven to feed the hungry, and yet, in spite of all, has its slaves as surely as any American state in the fifties.

Rest! Rest! Give her rest!

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YOUNG MR. HOPPER.

By G. B. Burgin.

I.

"Marry!" said old Tollevents Thompson, as he rocked lazily upon the verandah of his snug, but ill-shaped, wooden cottage on the outskirts of Four Corners. "You've got me. What do you want to marry for? Ain't your home unlike everybody else's?"

"That's true enough, Dad," said Sars'prilla, the eldest of Tollevents' ten daughters. "If you'd been a thoughtful man, you'd have built it at once, 'stead of doing it by inches as we came along."

"How on airth"—Tollevents stopped whittling in almost speechless wrath—"how on airth was I to know you was all comin'?"

"Don't seem to me wuth while talkin' about that," volunteered Semanda, the next girl. "We're here; and it looks 'sif we're here to stay, unless we git married."

"Wal, git married," said Tollevents, in desperation.

"How?" chorussed seven more daughters, whilst dark-eyed, black-browed Selina, the tenth, sang merrily in the back kitchen.

During the course of his married happiness, every two or three years as the house filled up with additional babies—all of them girls—Tollevents had added more room by the simple expedient of building on a fresh shack to the others. Lest the end one should tumble down, he had built an earthwork against it. Then leaning the others up against the outside, and, securely roofing them, he considered that the architectural effect thus produced was worthy of unlimited admiration. That no one else in Four Corners imitated this rambling building he considered due to the habitual lack of enterprise shown by his neighbours.

"There's only one young man in Four Corners worth ropin' in," said Sars'prilla, turning her sweet blue eyes upon her sire. "Every night he comes hoppin' down the road like a skeared hen, gits a look at us, and clucks back agin."

"S'lina!" called Tollevents.

The merry voice of the girl in the kitchen suddenly ceased. She put out her gipsy face (Selina was the only dark one of the ten; all the others were "blue-eyed as is the morn") and looked round composedly. "What's the fuss, Dad?"

"Bring me a bowl of water," said Tollevents determinedly; "and some soft soap."

Selina affected to be thunderstruck. "Don't be rash at your time of life, Dad. 'Tain't Sunday."

The innuendo that he never washed save on Sunday roused Tollevents to his full height. "And a biled shirt," he added sternly, disdaining to bandy words with his youngest offspring.

Selina hastily returned with a bowl of water and some soap, put the bowl on the top of a stump, and threw her father a towel as rough as Esau's hand. "You did orter see Doc. Higginson, Dad," she said, mirthfully. "What are you goin' to do?"

For some minutes Tollevents disdained to answer Selina. Sars'prilla slid into his chair and rocked herself to and fro, swaying her lissom body to an old Camp Meeting tune. The eight other girls—Selina had retired to the kitchen again—sat in a row on the long bench, and giggled. They were all blue-eyed, all fair-haired, all beautiful, and all exactly alike, with the exception that Sars'prilla was a little stouter than her sisters.

Decorum prescribed the sudden retirement of Tollevents into that part of the shack which was by courtesy called a bedroom (when the weather was fine he usually had a shakedown on the verandah) in order that he might don his Sunday clothes. Meantime, the girls waited, wondered, and giggled every few moments at this sudden accession of energy on the part of their sire.

"Looks, though he is a deacon, 'sif he wanted to git religion again," audibly suggested Semanda.

"Looks to me 'sif you'll git something you ain't bargainin' for," said Tollevents grimly, thrusting his head round the corner. "Thar ain't no buttons on this yer biled rag."

Selina, ever prompt, was on the spot in a moment, with shirt buttons.

"You ain't worn this white shirt since Christmas, Dad, else I'd have put 'em on before. That long prayer of yours in Meetin' made all your buttons fly. Old Deacon Harbro bust only one of his."

Cheered by Selina's tribute to his gifts as an exhorter, Tollevents tied a black handkerchief loosely round his collar, and took down his gun, which he loaded with unusual care, the girls watching him apprehensively the while. When he put in an extra allowance of buckshot, Selina remonstrated with him.

"Thar's only one young man wuth marryin' in Four Corners just now, Dad. Don't waste him."

"This yer alleged marryin' man," said Tollevents, carefully resting his gun against the verandah, "comes down this yer road 'sif if belonged to him. It b'longs to me; and I'm goin' to drive the truth into him."

"Not with buckshot," implored Selina, turning a little pale.

Tollevents rested his gun in a fork of the lilacs which grew greenly around the verandah, brought out his Bible, turned to his favourite chapter wherein many Amalekites were slaughtered, and read it with gusto.

"Does seem to me," he mused, keeping one eye on the road—"Does seem to me 'sif thar's more real wholesomeness in gittin' a man under the fifth rib stead of fillin' him up with buckshot; but we can't be choosers in what is set afore us. We must do the work in the way as comes handiest. I reckon young Hopper 'ill be along in an hour. If he ain't, I'll go and fetch him."

II.

Selina, noting that her sisters, obeying a hint from Tollevents, were all attired in their Sunday best, laughed mirthfully. "Dad 'ill scare the life out of him," she said gaily. "That Hopper can't say bo to a goose."

She slipped round the back of the shanty, her dark face framed in a becoming sunbonnet, dived down to the Ottawa shore, then up again through the pines, some quarter of a mile from her father's house.

Presently, young Mr. Hopper, picturesque yet shy, also blue-eyed, and with a fierce moustache which belied his youth, sauntered irresolutely down the road. As he did so, he was aware of Selina coming toward him, the one person in the world whom he had hoped to see. "Snakes!" he murmured to himself. "My heart's pumpin'. I can't run now."

Selina affected to pass him, then stopped suddenly. "Goin' down the road?" she asked, and took him with veiled eyelids.

"I've bin' down this yer blamed old road all the winter, and all the spring, and all the summer." declared Mr. Hopper fiercely; "an' thar's nine of you allus sittin' on the verandah, and you never show up."

"Thinkin' of turnin' Mormon, Mr. Hopper? Ain't nine of us enuff for you?"

"N-no," declared Mr. Hopper, irresolutely. "Not by no manner of means. Me bein' a shy sort of man, I git lost in the crowd. It—it makes my head swim," he added feebly.

"Then, if you tumble in the river, you won't drown. But I did orter be gittin' on."

"What's your hurry?" implored Mr. Hopper, then blushed crimson.

There was a twitch of Selina's pretty lips as she looked down the road. "Nothin'! Nothin'! Only, you don't know what you're lettin' yourself in for if you go down that road to-night."

"Nothin' can be worse'n goin' on like this," declared the pessimistic Mr. Hopper. "Old man on the warpath? Thinks he owns this road, don't he?"

Selina nodded. "He's got his best clothes on, the old gun's filled up to the brim with—buckshot!"

"I'd like to fill him up to the brim with—with whisky, then turn him loose in Meetin'," said Mr. Hopper vindictively. "What's he want to take a hand in this yer game for?"

"He thinks it's time some of us got settled. If you go down there, you'll find out what he means. Better go home."

"See here." Mr. Hopper looked into her charming face until she blushed most becomingly. "See here. I'm the man who's doin' the marryin', ain't I?"

"Ye-es."

"Then blamed if I don't go and tell him so."

"But you've no gun," declared Selina, in terror. "He'll make you marry Sars'prilla 'cause she's the eldest."

"If," said Mr. Hopper, with dark meaning, "if I git out of this alive, I'm goin' to marry the gal I darn please, if—if she'll have me."

Selina held him back a moment, her radiant eyes flashing into his. Something he saw there filled Mr. Hopper with sudden courage. Blushing fiercely the while, he took her in his arms, kissed her fervently, and marched valiantly down the road, leaving Selina gazing after him.

"And they call him shy!" she mused. "Shy! With a moustache like that!" Her cheeks flamed as she dived into the mysterious recesses of the pines, which stood in serried ranks upon the river shore.

III.

"You, Hopper! Stop!" cried Tollevents, as young Mr. Hopper came rapidly abreast of the house.

Mr. Hopper caught the glint of a gun barrel. The sun set fair behind the gloomy hills. Ranged in a row on the verandah were nine fair girls. At the end of the verandah stood Tollevents, tall, gaunt, thin, clad in his Sunday best, leaning carelessly on the shot gun.

"Wishful to speak to me?" jauntily inquired young Mr. Hopper. "You ain't turned road agent, Deacon?"

The Deacon cleared his throat. "It's a sin and disgrace you ain't married. You're the oldest young man in Four Corners, and all the others is waitin' for you to give 'em a lead. Yet you come sailin' along this yer road night arter night, and shuffles by like a ground-hog 'ithout raisin' your eyes to all these yer—these yer fair young flowers," he added, with a touch of parental poesy. "Which one is it?"

"Ain't you takin' it too much for settled?" asked young Mr. Hopper.

"I'm a man of few words." Tollevents raised his gun carelessly to the level. "Here's nine gals all of a row. Which is it?"

Mr. Hopper bowed gracefully to the young ladies on the varandah. "Any one of 'em? I ain't worthy of it, Deacon."

"Any one of 'em. You ain't worthy, but it's the best I can do for 'em," said the Deacon firmly. "Which?"

They were girls whose beauty would have gladdened the heart of an anchorite.

Young Mr. Hopper surveyed them carefully, then turned to Tollevents. "See here," he said severely. "Ain't you 'shamed of yourself, Deacon, to go puttin' such a slight on 'em? If I married one, what will the eight others do?"

"You leave that to me. Which?" ominously repeated the Deacon. "'Tain't no business of yours."

Young Mr. Hopper walked down the verandah, feeling that Tollevents' gun covered his manly back. "Can't I go home and think it over?" he asked, when he had come to the end of the row.

"You *can* go home; and take a load of buckshot with you, if that 'ill help you to think," said Tollevents.

Young Mr. Hopper came back to the top of the row, then shook his head. "They're all too much alike. I'd git mixed up, and never know t'other from which. 'Tain't fair, Deacon.'

"I don't want to shoot you in a hurry," said the Deacon. "No one can't say I ain't a just, reasonable, tender-hearted, God-fearing, help-my-neighbour kind of man. 'Tain't my fault they're all alike, but you've got to take one of 'em."

Young Mr. Hopper shook his head. "Can't be done. I don't mind marryin', but I can't get mixed up like this. It's wuss'n bigamy."

Tollevents took deliberate aim at him. "I'm sorry to have to do it," he said gently, "and your mother, bein' a widder, 'ill curse me for removing my neighbour's landmark, so to speak; but I've got to make an example of you."

There was a wild shriek as Selina threw herself between them. "Guess you'll have to hit me first," she cried, choking with laughter and tears. "You—you can't go wastin' young men like this, Dad."

"Stop a minute," said Mr. Hopper, with affected deliberation. "How dare you try such a put-up job on me?"

"I—I don't understand," faltered Tollevents, confused by this sudden attack.

"Why you might ha' known that a shy man like me couldn't make up his mind with nine gals all 'zackly alike. This settles it. Here's a dark one. I'll take her."

There was a chorus of "Oh!" from the verandah. Tollevents looked irresolute, for Selina was his favourite. "It's beginnin' at the wrong end," he said doubtfully.

"Don't you worry about that. Anyway it's a beginnin'," urged young Mr. Hopper. "That's all you've got to do, 'cept put down that gun. It might go off; and the coroner's a friend o' mine. He'd say things. Now you can take off your store clothes, and make yourself comfortable, father-in-law that is to be."

Tollevents put down the gun, and young Mr. Hopper, linking Selina's arm in his, strolled along with her to the pines. A bend of the road hid them from the house.

Selina could feel him trembling as they wandered along in the odorous dusk.

"You—you do mean it, Selina?" he quavered. "'Cause if you don't, he can shoot all he wants to, and I'll be glad of it. I ain't afraid of him, but I am of you."

Selina hesitated. Young Mr. Hopper turned back. "Stop," she called after him in alarm.

"Well?" queried Mr. Hopper. "I knew how it 'ud be. Let him fill me up with——"

"Won't I do instead?" queried Selina.

"What! With buckshot?"

"N-no. K-kisses!"

And in the blissful silence which ensued, a man might have heard his microbes gnaw, so sweet, so pure the heavenly night, with the great stars shining out, the silent river flowing to the sea, their young hearts beating together.

OUR SPECIAL POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

SPECIALLY MIS-REPORTED FOR "JOHN BULL" BY RICHARD MORTON.

LIGHT SENTENCE ON A BOOKMAKER.

At Archer Street, before Mr. Smasham, *Samuel Shortprice*, 40, of Tattersall Mansions, described as a commission agent, was charged with keeping his premises open as a gaming house to which divers disorderly and evil-disposed persons resorted for the purpose of betting and similar infamous practices. *Thomes Punter* and *William Crook* were also placed in the dock, charged with frequenting the said premises and resorting thereto with vicious intent, to the annoyance of His Majesty's liege subjects and the Anti-Gambling League, and also with being accessories before, during, and after the fact as aforesaid. All the defendants pleaded not guilty and offered, if released, not to do it again while anybody was looking.

Mr. Gunn prosecuted on behalf of the Commissioners of Police. Shortprice was represented by Mr. Speke Firmer, but the other defendants were without legal aid, as they said they preferred to tell the truth rather than have a lawyer.

P.C. George Washington said he was instructed to keep observation on the house of the defendant Shortprice, and he accepted the task thankfully, as it was easy graft to lounge at the street corner and smoke Woodbines if he could only manage to keep awake. During the time between eleven and two he saw three thousand two hundred and twenty-one persons and a half enter and leave. Each flourished a slip of paper and held gold and silver in his open hand.

By Mr. Speke Firmer: The half referred to was a telegraph boy. Yes, his computation was very exact, though he had not gone into decimals.

Inspector Roderick Dhu described his raid on the premises, accompanied by a squad of police, a Gatling gun, and a cinematograph operator. The defendant Shortprice was taking the money as fast as he could, or even faster, and the table was littered with betting slips. A large quantity of money was in his pockets, on the table, and in the safe. Altogether he had seized five shillings and sevenpence.

Cross-examined: He believed defendant conducted his business honestly, if such a thing were possible. The books showed he had regularly paid out his losses.

The Magistrate: You don't mean to say this man actually paid people who won money from him?—Yes.

The Magistrate: I must say that makes the case look very black.

Mr. Gunn pressed for an exemplary sentence, as this offence was sapping the manhood of England and undermining the conscience of Christendom. Betting was not an offence against the law, but he trusted the magistrate would not allow that consideration to influence him.

Mr. Speke Firmer pleaded for a lenient view, as his client was admittedly an honest man, a good citizen, husband, and father, and had never done a shabby action in his life.

The Magistrate said the case was fully proved, but in consideration of the good character of the accused he would take a merciful view of the offence and merely sentence Shortprice to penal servitude for life, to be followed by three years' police supervision. He regarded the other defendants as really more culpable, for they had tempted Shortprice to crime. They were each fined five shillings or five days under the Borstal system, during which they would be taught a trade which would, on their release, enable them to earn an honest living.

ALLEGED KLEPTOMANIA IN HIGH LIFE—A SCANDALOUS PROSECUTION.

At Blenheim Street, before Mr. Hoyden, a stylishly-dressed lady wearing a costly gown and a blue motor veil, together with a picture hat of yellow tulle and red roses looped with sequins and real diamond aigrettes, was charged with stealing a fancy leather Dorothy bag, gold-mounted, of the value of not less than sevenpence-halfpenny, sale price fifteen-and-eleven, from the establishment of Messrs. Duck and Drake, High Street, Brompton.

Sir George Cohen, on behalf of the lady, entered a strong protest against the proceedings. His client was a lady of title, moving in the highest society, and he objected to her name being dragged before the public in such a shameless way.

Mr. Hoyden: You are quite right, Sir George. Her name must not be mentioned. We will call her Madame X.

Mr. Shoppe Walker, in the employ of Messrs. Duck and Drake, said his attention was called to Madame X, and he saw her deliberately place the Dorothy bag under her cloak and rush out of the shop. He detained her, but she said she could not stop, as she had an appointment with the Duke of——

Sir George Cohen: I must protest against such names being introduced. It is done to prejudice my client.

Mr. Hoyden: Certainly. (*To witness.*) If you say another word I will commit you for contempt.

Sir George Cohen (*excitedly*): There is an artist person in the corner who is actually making a sketch of my client.

Mr. Hoyden: Burn the fellow's sketch and turn him out of Court.

Sir George Cohen, on behalf of the lady, called several witnesses whose names were written on slips of paper and handed to his worship. They said the lady was the most innocent thing on earth and couldn't do anything wrong if she tried ever so.

In a moving speech, Sir George said his deeply-wronged client had doubtless intended to purloin the bag and leave without paying for it, but who would have the heart to deny her any little thing she wanted? And who could say she would not have sent the money for it by post or wireless telegraphy? It was scandalous she should be in such a position because a creature like Mr. Shoppe Walker happened to be observing her when she thought he wasn't.

Mr. Hoyden quite agreed with the remarks of Sir George Cohen, and had no hesitation in discharging the lady without a stain on her escutcheon. Speaking with some emotion, he apologised for the position in which she was placed, and hoped she would recover thumping damages for malicious prosecution. Mr. Shoppe Walker, the prosecuting witness, would go to gaol for six months' hard.

IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS.

BY WALTER MOORE.

1.—MR. LLOYD GEORGE AND HIS BUDGET

Having disguised myself as an intelligent foreigner, I made my way to the private residence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. I was admitted without question, and was informed that I should find Mr. Lloyd George taking exercise in the back garden.

No impediment being placed in my way, I sought the small portion of "undeveloped land" at the back of No. 11, Downing Street, where I presently discerned a somewhat diminutive figure creeping on hands and knees slowly and cunningly towards the fowl run.

Evidently, methought, I have arrived at an opportune moment. That stealthy figure appears to have predatory designs upon the Chancellor's poultry. By seizing him in the act I shall do the Cabinet Minister a service which should at once establish confidence between us.

Running swiftly across a bed of leeks, which deadened the sound of my approach, I gave the creeping figure a vigorous kick in the rear.

Instantly my ears were stunned by a volley of Welsh. Double l's, w's, and double y's were mingled miraculously in dissonant confusion; and, with a final howl of "Merthyllandudnorhyl!!" the figure I had assailed scrambled to his feet and confronted me.

"Who are you?" demanded Mr. Lloyd George, applying massage to his bruised person; "another deputation, or the embodiment of a by-election?"

"Neither, sir," I replied; "I am merely a material manifestation of the presiding genius of the British People, dear to the Popular Imagination as 'John Bull.' I called to interview you; and, believing I had detected an unauthorised intruder in the act of robbing your fowl run, it appears that I have kicked you instead."

"That is a small matter," replied the Chancellor; "don't apologise. To tell you the truth, I was merely practising a principle which I recently advocated. As to the kick—well, I fancy yours is not the last I shall receive. In fact, I should not be surprised to lose my seat altogether, later on!"

"Are you satisfied with the reception of your Budget?" was my first question.

"Entirely; it has given rise to more excitement, disgust, opposition, and alarm than *even I* had dared to hope."

"Is it your intention to persist in the various penalising taxes you have proposed?"

"Certainly not," was the prompt reply.

"Then what was the idea of suggesting them?

"You won't let it go further if I explain?" he asked.

"You may trust me," I returned.

"Well," commenced the Chancellor, "by imposing excessive taxation in a number of directions, individuals affected are more likely to be concerned with getting the *amount* reduced rather than with resisting the tax in its entirety. By demanding a great deal I am certain to get something. Besides, by placing heavy taxes on various industries and interests about which I know next to nothing, I acquire an immense amount of information."

"In what way?" I asked.

"Through the kind offices of the deputations which immediately wait upon me, disclosing all the secrets of the interests which they represent, and showing me how best to tax them, and at the same time enabling me to make concessions which disarm much antagonism."

"You see," he proceeded, "I am more than a common or garden Chancellor of the Exchequer. I am also a student of human nature, and know not only how to work up, but also how to make use of the feelings and passions of the people. For example, we shall, of course, be compelled to build eight *Dreadnoughts*. But it wouldn't do for me to say so outright. The interests of the Liberal Party must be studied, and its prejudices respected."

"When you have made all your concessions as regards the taxes proposed in your Budget, what do you intend to do to make up the deficit that must arise in consequence?"

"There will be no deficit," responded Mr. Lloyd George. "When I have made all my concessions there will still remain a small margin over and above the sum I require. You see, I made my estimates to allow for concessions. A concession is so conciliatory. But come, let me show you my collection of scorpions. The stings of most of them will be drawn within the next month or so, and they will not be so interesting then."

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THE QUEENSTOWN FARCE.

How long will the Queenstown farce last? In other words, how long will the Government by hanging on to a port of call long since made obsolete by high-speed steamers, largely do away with the benefits supposed to have arisen through the building of the *Mauretania* and *Lusitania?*

The chairman of the Cunard Co. at the annual meeting of the company recently stated that the Post Office adhered to the clause in the contract compelling the vessels to call at Queenstown to take up mails despatched from London on Saturdays a few hours after the vessel has left Liverpool. Here is what happens: The *Mauretania* leaves the Mersey at 3 p.m. on Saturday. At 1 a.m. on Sunday, with ordinary driving, she arrives at Daunt's Rock, off Queenstown. An hour or so after the ship has left Liverpool, the late American mail is despatched from London to be put on board at Queenstown. This mail goes by rail to Holyhead, where it is transferred to a steamboat. It is brought to the North Wall, Dublin, and transferred to a train, which takes it to Queenstown. There the bags are transferred to a tender, brought away out to the liner, and transferred to her. Notice how many transfers there are. Not counting the many "handlings" of the mail, the time consumed in its despatch runs:—London to Holyhead, 6 hours; Holyhead to Dublin, 3½ hours; Dublin to Queenstown, 4½ hours. But putting exact schedule times out of count, let it be broadly stated that the Cunarder, which gets to Daunt's Rock at 1 a.m., has her mails put on board and gets under way again ten hours later as a rule.

Then from Queenstown she is driven at top speed to make time at New York; and the driving spells a small fortune added to the coal bills paid for by the company's shareholders.

It often happens that the vessels arrive at New York at an hour in the evening when the customs and health officers have all gone home, and as a result the ships cannot be cleared, and the passengers have to wait until the next morning before going ashore. Equally bad, the delay prevents correspondents within a radius of several hundred miles from replying to their letters by the next ship. American passengers by the fast ships have several times kicked against this monstrous delay, and now they are, to use their own classical expression, "on their hind legs." But still, our up-to-date Post Office bosses insist upon holding up the vessels for ten hours, which could be saved if the late American post were closed at 1 p.m. in London—late enough for business men—and the bags were all put on board at Liverpool, thus allowing the *Mauretania* and *Lusitania* to have a clear run to New York, where they should arrive in the forenoon instead of the evening.

BIRTHDAYS OF THE WEEK.

JOHN BULL'S GREETINGS.

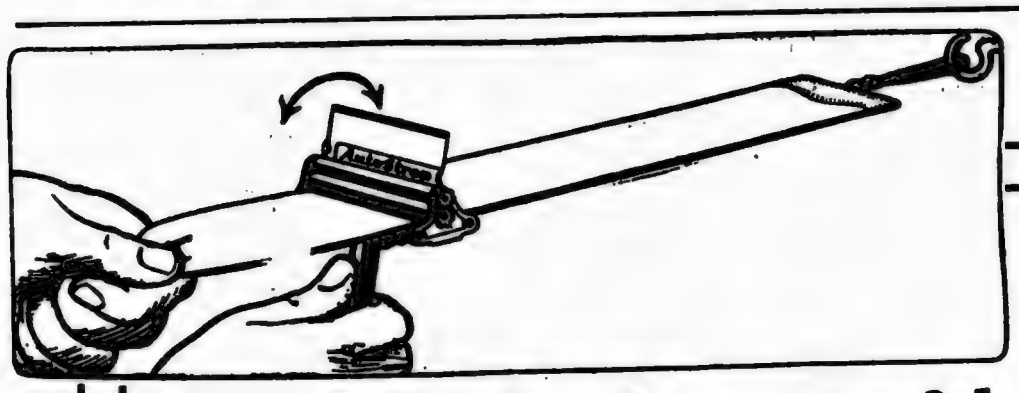
30th May. MR. ALFRED AUSTIN.
I would the gods had made thee poetical.—*Shakespeare.*

31st May. THE VEN. WM. BANISTER, ARCHDEACON OF HONG KONG.
And he went for that heathen Chinee.—*Bret Harte.*

2nd June. SIR EDWARD ELGAR.
Of all noises I think music the least disagreeable.—*Dr. Johnson.*

3rd June. PROFESSOR FLINDERS PETRIE.
To look back to antiquity is one thing; to go back to it is another.—*Colton.*

4th June. LORD WOLSELEY.
Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff of conscience
To do no contrived murder.—*Shakespeare.*



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HUMAN DOCUMENT.—XLV.

We are receiving so many letters from readers who consider their circumstances warrant an appeal to the public, that we find it necessary to say we can only give publicity in these columns to cases of very exceptional character.

Here is a Human Document of a somewhat different character from those we are in the habit of publishing :—

"Although, to all outward appearances, I am a person of substance and sound position, such is not the case, and I am actually in the same position at the present time as the poorest man who seeks his night's rest on the cold stones of the Embankment.

"After twelve years in various parts of Africa, I returned to England on the 18th of last month with a view to securing employment in the old country. I brought with me enough money to keep me decently until I could get something to do. A week ago I casually met a man who has since then persuaded me to let him have £20, with the result that to-day I am absolutely penniless, and without any means of support. I am not begging, and should not accept any money if it were offered me, but I thought that perhaps you might realise the seriousness of my position and help me to find some employment that otherwise I should not have an opportunity of hearing of. I am only 32 years of age, and capable of doing anything. I was educated at Bedford, and am generally looked upon as a gentleman.

"My past career has not been an uncreditable one. Amongst other things I have done, I may mention that I held a commission during the late South African war, and hold the Queen's medal with six bars. I have always been improvident, and not altogether a saint, and offer no excuses for my present position. At the same time, I feel that I am possessed of more than average ability and energy, and am convinced that I was never intended, at my early age, to go under without making every desperate effort to keep my head above water.

"I enclose some original compositions of my own. Do you think I have a little chance in this direction?"

And here is one of the compositions referred to :—

AN APPEAL FOR WORK.

'Tis many long and toilsome years since England's shores I left,
Of every treasured thing on earth I find myself bereft;
I've turned my hand to everything on Afric's sun-scorched shores,
For bare existence I have fought—I've also fought in wars.

My age is not of great account, I'm thin, and tall, and straight,
My brains are of the average kind, they're neither small nor great;
The face I've had allotted me has served its purpose well,
Of the luck I've had against me—sure I ain't a'going to tell.

I've just returned to London now, and am in search of work,
Whatever sort is offered me I'll take and never shirk;
I'll turn my hand to anything in country or in town,
For I'll never cry out "Kismet" till I'm absolutely down.

The reason I appeal to you in this crude kind of verse
Is just because I'm very broke, things could not well be worse;
I am not seeking charity or unearned £ s. d.,
But if you know of any work please send along to me.

I cannot work for nothing, "Little Mary" must be fed,
And as a rule she craves for something tasty with her bread;
But as I've learned throughout my life that beggars cannot choose,
A job of almost any sort I'm sure I won't refuse.

If you will so far favour me and send a line of hope,
I'll call around and prove to you that this is no mere joke;
I'm in a very deep, deep hole, and get some work I must,
That this appeal is not in vain I most sincerely trust.

With reference to Human Document, No. XLIII., we have received some further remittances :—2s. 6d. from a donor who does not wish his name to be published; 1s. from Mr. H. Greenaway, of 54, Waveney Avenue, Peckham Rye; 2s. 6d. from an anonymous giver; 1s. from "A Workman"; 2s. from "Ycrep"; 2s. from "A Reader of JOHN BULL"; 5s. from "Agnostic"; 2s. 6d. from Mr. J. G. O'C.; 1s. from Mrs. Thornton; 10s. from H. W. Styles; all these sums we have remitted. The old lady writes to us by the hand of a friend to say that "she is most thankful for the trouble you have taken, and will you kindly thank the readers of JOHN BULL who have so generously helped her case?" And the friend to whom we remitted the money for her, in sending receipt, writes: "I should like some of your generous readers to know that their money has gone direct to this old lady and was most welcome, and I might say necessary to her. All Sunbury is now wanting to see the letter in JOHN BULL, and I daresay some of the local people may look after her a little, having this case in their midst brought to them from afar." We sincerely hope so.

With reference to Human Document, No. XLIV., we have received from a gentleman who signs himself "A Curate" a P.O. for 10s., with the request that we forward it to the writer of the Document in question. This we shall do immediately we have verified his address. We regret that we cannot acknowledge to "A Curate" direct his remittance, made all the more valuable by the sympathetic letter which enclosed it, but we hope he will see this acknowledgment, and accept our thanks for the help.

A HOME FOR A CHILD.

We have received a letter from a gentleman who, with his wife, would like to take charge of a girl child. They wish to be of assistance to some family where the parents have fallen upon evil times, and to whom it would be a kindness to relieve them of the responsibility of bringing up one of their young children. We have been in communication with the gentleman in question as to the conditions upon which he and his wife would be willing to accept the child, and although he does not wish his identity to be made known to other than the parents of the child, we think we cannot do better than give below a quotation from a letter we have received in reply to our own :—

> We would, if we could meet with a suitable child, to whose parents or guardians it would be a benefit to have a free home provided during childhood, be glad to offer to such child an invitation to stay with us for an indefinite period, and while she remained our guest to accept parental responsibilities towards her.
>
> The child must be a girl, age about six, of good or middle class parentage, bright, healthy, pretty, and free from physical or mental defect.
>
> I think reasonable conditions would be :—
>
> That during the visit we stand *in loco parentis* to the child and are free from interference from the child's parents or friends, and that if possible some home be provided to which the child could be sent if our experiment is a failure and we wish to part with her.
>
> Any arrangements for the visit would necessarily depend on the special circumstances of any case, but our special wish is to help the child of parents formerly in good position who, through *bonâ fide* misfortune, are temporarily in reduced circumstances.

We may add for the information of any parents who are in a position to satisfy these conditions, and would be glad, or, at any rate, would be content to part with one of their young children in the manner indicated, that the writer of the letter is a professional man of standing and repute in the town in which he lives. His father was Governor of one of H.M.'s prisons for many years, and his wife is the eldest daughter of a clergyman, and comes of very ancient lineage. Their house is a good country cottage, with large garden and so on, and they have lived in it some fifteen years.

If any of our readers would like to be put in communication with the writer of the above letter we shall be happy to give the necessary introduction once we have satisfied ourselves that the conditions named are fulfilled. We cannot undertake to open up communication unless, and until, we are satisfied of this. Anyone who writes to us on the subject will be good enough to bear this in mind, and, if possible, give us a personal interview.

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SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.
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allowed on Deposit Accounts, repayable on demand.
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on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.
All general Banking Business transacted.
ALMANACK with full particulars, POST FREE.
C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary

Inlaid **Sheraton Style Suite**, comprising Wardrobe with bevelled glass door, Dressing Chest, with bevelled glass attached and two drawers in the underpart, Marble Top Washstand with pedestal cupboard, towel rails attached, and two Chairs.

Price Complete.

£9 : 9 : 0

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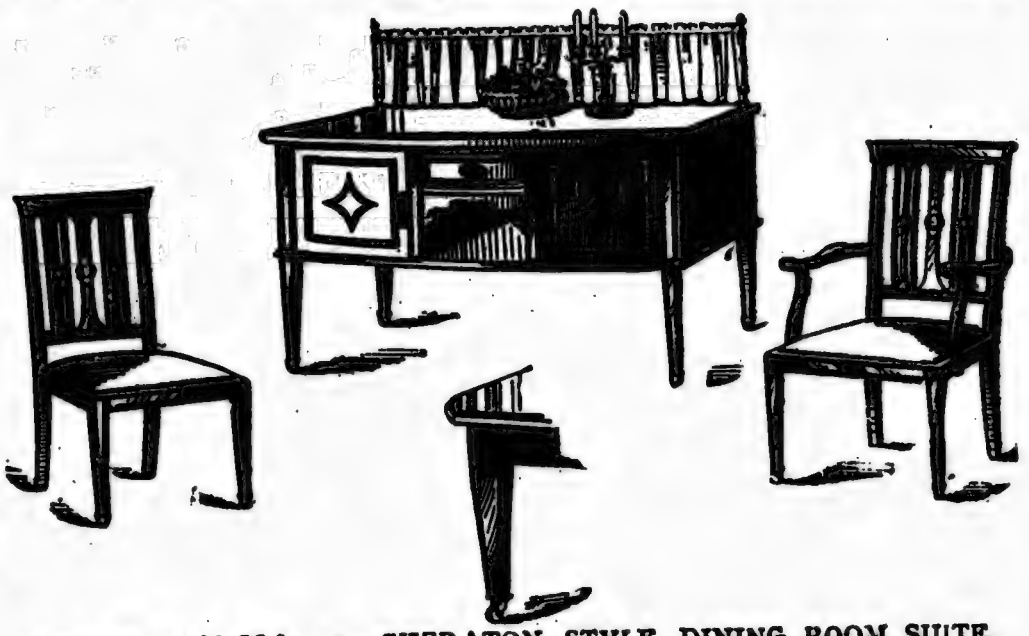

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£20	...	11 0
£50	...	1 8 0
£100	...	2 5 0
£200	...	4 10 0
£500	...	11 5 0

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OPEN LETTERS, POST-CARDS AND TELEGRAMS.

To the Very Rev. J. Armitage Robinson, Dean of Westminster.

Sir,—The death of a really great man is ap to bring the Dean of Westminster into general publicity. People who scarcely knew that he existed suddenly become aware of his importance. They learn with astonishment that he, and he alone, has the power of deciding who shall be buried in Westminster Abbey. That noble building, hoary with age and venerable with historic associations, has come to be regarded as a Valhalla, where the heroes of the nation should take their last repose. However divided, or antagonistic, during their lifetime, they may rest together in "the great temple of silence and reconciliation." This is certainly a fine idea, and it was fairly feasible when the famous phrase flowed from the pen of Macaulay. It is far less so after fifty years of theological dissolution. Men of the first distinction are now to be found outside the pale of the religion which Westminster Abbey represents. And when such a man dies, and the public call for his inclusion in their national Valhalla, it is easy to understand your difficulty. But even a difficulty which seems insuperable may be faced in a manly way. You might have given a plain and honourable answer to those who desired the burial of Algernon Charles Swinburne and George Meredith in Westminster Abbey. You might have said that Swinburne was an aggressive Agnostic, and Meredith a proclaimed Humanist; and that it would be scandalous to bury two such men, with full religious rites, in a Christian temple. But you lacked the courage, or the sagacity, to do this. Perhaps you thought it would be a reflection on your immediate predecessors; for the great Charles Darwin, who called himself an Agnostic, rests in the Abbey, and so does the great historian, George Grote, who was well-known to be a complete unbeliever. In any case, the reason you assigned in the latest instance is remarkable in its way. You referred (if I may use a colloquialism) to the Abbey's getting "full up." But what difference would a small urn have made under the floor, filled with pure ashes fresh from the crematorium? Would it have made as much difference as the body of an archdeacon's deceased wife that you admitted for sepulture quite recently?

The reason you did assign for your refusal to let George Meredith be buried in the Abbey looks simply ridiculous. And you were not even consistent. You refused the harmless pot of residual ashes, but you made arrangements for a memorial service. And it was something of a joke that this service took place in London while the actual funeral of George Meredith was taking place at Dorking. You really seem to have crowded every possible mistake into your curious policy. Westminster Abbey played second fiddle to a country churchyard, and you yourself played second fiddle to a rural parson. I believe it is impossible to have a funeral without a corpse, or a burial without "remains"—and the "remains" of George Meredith were undoubtedly at Dorking. The indestructible part of him—his genius, his ideas, his lofty character—is neither at Dorking nor at Westminster, but is an eternal portion of the life-blood of Humanity.

You yourself, Sir, are a mild heretic. You are one of the "Higher Critics." Your views of the Bible are loathed by many within your own Church. Some of your opponents would sooner shake hands with a Swinburne or a Meredith than with the author of "Some Thoughts on Inspiration." But you are in legal possession at Westminster Abbey; you are under no Bishop, you hold your position direct from the Crown, and, like your most famous predecessor Dean Stanley, you are safe. Yet I perceive you draw the line of permissible heresy at yourself. That is the way of all Ecclesiastics.

The burning point, however, is whether Westminster Abbey shall be actually, instead of nominally, our national Valhalla. It might very well be made so now that the crematorium settles the problem of sanitation. But to do that, Sir, we should have to disestablish you, and nationalise the Abbey. At present it is controlled by a mere section of the English people. To be representative of all of them, it would have to be held in conscious trust by the whole nation; and the memorial service of each of the "mighty dead" admitted through its portals would have to be in keeping with the ideas and convictions of his life.

John Bull.

To the Rev. W. T. Jennings, Rector of St. Nicholas, Boston, Lincs.

Rev. Sir,—Recently the body of a lad of sixteen, a fireman of a steam trawler, lost in Boston Deeps last February, was washed ashore by the morning tide. At the time when the vessel went down, the parents of this lad were not only your parishioners, but were members of your congregation. In these circumstances it was natural that they should desire the burial of their son in the little "God's Acre" of St. Nicholas, made sacred to them by all the associations of their spiritual worship. Sunday after Sunday they had heard your voice preaching the evangel of your Master. Sunday after Sunday they had uttered their praise and prayer and thanksgiving with you. Yet when the arrangements had been made for the last offices, when even the grave had been dug, you told the undertaker that you "would not allow the burial to take place in St. Nicholas Churchyard in any circumstances." You also objected to Sunday funerals, you added. The grave was then open waiting for earth to return to earth, and ashes to ashes, and dust to dust.

In their grief, and pain, and distress, the parents of the dead lad went to you in person, appealing to you by every argument they could urge. You repeated to them what you had told the undertaker; you objected to Sunday funerals. They asked whether in that case you would allow the burial on Monday. "No," says the reporter of the *Boston Guardian*, "he would not permit it at all; deceased did not die in the parish and the parents were no longer his parishioners." Still the poor woman and her husband tearfully pleaded, and for a moment your heart seems to have softened. But even so you imposed conditions. You would allow the burial in the churchyard if the parents "would sign a document to the effect that neither they nor any other member of their family would request an interment in the churchyard in future." Even their broken spirits rebelled at that demand, and they left you.

On Monday afternoon, in another place, under the offices of another clergyman, their weeping eyes saw him laid to rest. Their deeper anguish was over; not so your shame. That will abide in the parish of St. Nicholas, Boston, as long as men and women have memories to tell the story.

John Bull.

To Sir George Smallman, Guildhall, London.

Dear Sir George,—I have read with deep regret of your impending resignation from the Aldermanic Bench—regret, first, because the City of London will lose an able and distinguished magistrate; and, secondly, because you will thus miss—just as it was within your grasp—the highest honours of civic life. Need I add that I regret, too, the cause of your decision? There were some who were sceptical when, three months ago, you retired from the case of *Rex v. Bottomley* and others; but I was not of them. It had been patent to me for many days that you were engaged in a desperate struggle between a strong sense of duty on the one hand, and failing health on the other. And how manfully you struggled! But Nature, as ever, proved the stronger force; and staggering from your seat, you sought the solace of a devoted wife and the peace of a happy home. Then followed rest at the seaside. But all to no purpose. So, like the sensible man you are, you have given it all up. The chains of office are put aside—the Lord Mayor's robes will not be worn. But rest assured, Sir George, of this—the annals of the Mansion House will be the poorer by the absence of your name from the roll, and the dignity and strength of the magistracy the less by your retirement.

John Bull.

Earl Roberts, House of Lords.

Note your remark that "We have neither an Army to send abroad nor an Army to defend the country at home." Well, at any rate, we have a general!

Bull.

Churchill, Board of Trade.

At last all men speak well of you. The very Tories praise you. Be on your guard.

Bull.

Lipton, London.

If rumour is true that you are about to sell *Shamrock III.* for price of old metal, don't blame you. Time it did raise the wind.

Bull.

YOUNG JOE'S FINAL.

WHO GAVE YOU 3 ACRES & A COW?
WHO GAVE YOU OLD AGE PENSIONS?
WHY PA DID
TARIFF REFORM
AUSTEN C&C
LATE
JOE & Co
THE OL
FIRM
A·C
I'M FOLLOWING IN FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS. I'M FOLLOWING THE DEAR OLD DAD & I'M ONE OF THE BOYS
F. H. WILKINSON 09

JOHN BULL: Did Pa *really* give those?

IN THE CITY.

It is requested that all letters to be answered on the City pages be addressed to the City Editor, *67, Long Acre, W.C.*

Letters requiring an answer in the next issue of John Bull *must be received not later than Friday.*

We shall be obliged to Secretaries of Insurance Companies if they will send us their reports when issued, and, from time to time, any other information concerning their Companies which may be of public interest.

AMERICAN INSURANCE OFFICES AND BRITISH INSURERS.

Promise and Performance Further Illustrated.

In our issues of March 27th and April 3rd we quoted illustrations of the difference between the promises of American insurance companies as made to intending insurers, and the performance when the time comes to meet the obligations incurred. Below we give a further illustration of this significant disparity. This time the office concerned is The Equitable Life Assurance Society of U.S.A.

A correspondent took out with the above office twenty years ago at the age of thirty-one a Tontine Policy at an annual premium of £48 15s., the total amount paid in twenty years being £975.

Our correspondent was promised as follows :—

	£	s.	d.
Cash at maturity	1,763	0	0
or			
A paid up death policy	3,690	0	0
or			
A life annuity	144	0	0

Judge his surprise when he received the following offer from the New York Office, namely :—

	£	s.	d.
Option I.—To draw in cash	1,255	13	5
Option II.—To convert into fully paid up policy at death	2,410	0	0
Option III.—A life annuity of	84	19	6

We hope these particulars will help, as the previous figures we have quoted have helped, to induce British insurers to insure with British offices rather than with American.

WARING AND GILLOWS.

Financial Re-arrangements.

All sorts of vague rumours have again been afloat respecting this undertaking. We understand, however, that an Assets Company has recently been formed to take over the various holdings of the furnishing company, and that an issue of third debentures has been made—thus relieving the financial pressure. Whilst adhering to all we have said as to the past management of the concern, we are most desirous of seeing the firm overcome its difficulties, and we hope that this end has now been accomplished—although in view of the strong opposition with which the business has to contend, it must necessarily be some time before all occasion for anxiety is passed.

THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER.

Widespread Indignation.

We have received a mass of further correspondence upon the action of this company in reducing the prices of its machines contrary to its explicit undertaking. We are glad to know that aggrieved parties have decided to refuse to pay accruing instalments, and that others are taking steps for concerted action to recover monies paid. For example, in Newcastle, where something like 1,000 machines have been sold, largely to brewers and publicans, we learn that a demand is being made for repayment in cash of the difference between the sum for which machines were sold to the brewers and others and the price at which they can now be bought. Our advice to the large number of shopkeepers who have bought machines at old prices, and who have not as yet completed their payments, is that they should withhold payment, resist any attempted removal of the machines, and leave Mr. Patterson to fight it out in the Courts.

As an illustration of the way in which the public have been treated, we give the following extracts from a circular sent out by the company under date, March, 1906 :—

> On account of the many valuable improvements which have been added to our registers, principally through suggestions made by our many good users, our Board of Directors find themselves compelled to raise the price of our registers five guineas each.
>
> This decision will come into effect April 2nd, 1906, and if you contemplate purchasing more of our registers, we will give you the opportunity of doing so at the old figures any time previous to April 2nd.

Shopkeepers were willing to give the enhanced price here notified largely because they had the specific assurance that the price would not be reduced, and now all over the country men find themselves landed with these enormously costly machines, whose selling price has been reduced 50 per cent., 60 per cent., even 70 per cent.

Since writing the above we have information that the following are among the firms and companies which upon pressure have received repayment of a portion of the purchase money of Cash Registers they had bought on the old scale of prices :—

Lipton's, Limited.
Gt. Western Hotel (Swindon).
Mr. John Iles, Draper, Liverpool.
Mr. Jephson (Tobacconist, New Southgate).
Irwin Sons and Co., Provision Dealers, Liverpool.

A Liverpool firm has brought suit against the company for the return of monies, and the case will be tried in the Liverpool County Court in about a week's time.

THE COMPANIES WINDING-UP DEPARTMENT.

Here is an interesting sidelight upon the manner in which this Department conducts its business. Early in the year 1906, the Joint Stock Trust and Finance Corporation, Ltd., went into liquidation. At that date it held certain shares in the Associated Gold Mines of Western Australia—on which dividends have been regularly paid ever since. These shares stood in the name of the Chairman of the Company, who admittedly held them simply as trustee. Notwithstanding that upwards of three years has elapsed, the shares still remain in his name, with the result that every half-year dividend warrants are forwarded to him, which he is called upon to endorse and send on to the Official Receiver. Is it too much to assume that, in the case of a private liquidator, one of the first things he would have done would have been to transfer into his own name all securities—and especially dividend-paying ones—held on behalf of the Company ?

NEW ISSUE.

We direct attention to the prospectus of Messrs. Mountain and Gibson and Thornewill, Ltd., which appears in another column, and which offers the public 5 per cent. Debentures of £50 each at par, and 60,000 Ordinary shares. We consider these securities represent attractive Industrial investments.

FINANCIAL ENQUIRIES.

Pall Mall Bank, Ltd.—A. C. (Fulham).—You are mistaken. We know nothing about the concern you name, nor can we help you "to find a householder as a security" for the loan which, apparently, you wish to effect. We are happy at all times to be of service to our readers when possible, but we must really draw the line at finding householders to act as sureties for the benefit of moneylenders.

London and Paris Exchange.—Alpha (Weymouth).—Of course, the London and Paris Exchange had no right to part with the bond, but it did many strange things towards the end. It seems to us that you must rank as an ordinary unsecured creditor. C. H. (Birmingham).—We think you had better consult a solicitor. Why should we communicate with Mr. Mandeville upon your business?

Linotype and Machinery, Ltd.—Investigator (London).—(1) Yes, the amalgamated Company is a sound one. (2) In ordinary circumstances we should not recommend the debentures, but, placed as you are, you had better take them.

Southern Consolidated Gold Mining and Exploration Co.—J. H. (Southsea).—Advise your sister not to take the advice offered.

Beaufort Motor Co., Ltd.—Ember (Bermondsey).—If there was no notice of transfer, we do not see how it can be effected legally. We have no information as to the London and Paris Exchange Motor Agency, Ltd., of Shaftesbury Avenue, which you say has taken over the Beaufort Motor Co., Ltd., of Baker Street.

Faulkner and Faulkner.—J. D. (New Birmingham).—You say that these people owe you £50 upon an option deal, and that you cannot get the money. Write it off as a bad debt.

Baltimore Mining and Smelting Company, U.S.—R. C. M. (Leeds).—We do not think your shares have any value.

City Sale and Exchange.—Manager (Aldersgate Street).—You will find, upon reference to our issue of May 8th, that your customer had already acknowledged to us the receipt of the £3 10s. We return his letter to you.

Working of Business.—W. D. (St. Albans).—We regret that we do not know of any book that will be of much use as a guide to "How to work a new business as a Limited Company."

Formation of Company.—W. F. M. (Mardy).—(1) The cost of forming a limited liability company of the kind you describe would be quite small, but you would have to do it through a solicitor. (2) The agreement (copy of which you send us) would have to be stamped.

The Home Producers' Co-Operative Market.—E. A. G. (Putney).—We agree, but we rather think that Mr. D. Tallerman has been concerned in other ventures of the kind.

Clayton Shuttleworth.—Burnsider (Cambuslang).—It must be owned that the record and the prospects of the company are not exhilarating, but we can hardly advise you to sell out just now. Perhaps, after the very candid criticisms indulged in by the shareholders at the recent annual general meeting, the directors may pull themselves together and do something towards putting the business on a more satisfactory footing.

Partnership.—A. R. M. (Cleethorpes).—We have no reason to suppose that the partnerships advertised in the *Daily Telegraph* are other than genuine. As to whether you can get "a fair working partnership with about £100 to £200," we have no doubt you can get a partnership of a sort for that amount, and conceivably one that would develop into something valuable. But how to get hold of the right man is the problem.

RUBBER SHARES.—A. L. (Crewe).—Rubber Explorations, for choice.
JEMIMA (Brighton).—Ditto.
BOVRIL ORDINARY.—W. J. K. (Watford).—You would have to buy through a broker.
GOVERNMENT AND MUNICIPAL SECURITIES CORPORATION.—E. E. P. (Treharris).—Our advice to you is to give these people a wide berth. Apparently they work on the same lines as the International Securities Syndicate of evil remembrance. If you compare the prices charged by them for their bonds with the prices of any respectable firm like, say, Messrs. N. Keizer and Co., of 29, Threadneedle Street, E.C., you will find how excessive they are. We return your bond and pamphlets.
HUNGARIAN LOTTERY.—K. F. F. (Reading).—Do not be misled by these mythical statements, but keep your money in your pocket. J. J. K. (London).—Have nothing to do with it. W. A. J. (Sittingbourne).—Ditto.
NOBLEE (London).—It is genuine, but the odds are very heavy against your getting any sort of prize. T. A. (St. Albans).—We are glad to know that you have found these people honest, and that you have won prizes, which have been paid promptly. You are lucky. W. H. W. (New Cross).—We never advise joining these lotteries.
THE PALACE RESTAURANTS.—A. B. P. (Lewisham).—We should be inclined to take the shares. We think there is a fair chance of the new company doing well. A. W. C. (Nunhead).—Ditto.
SALVATION ARMY AND INDUSTRIAL HOMES COMPANY.—E. L. C. (Hull).—We have no information respecting the position of this American company, and the papers you send us do not enlighten us. We return them.
TWO MONEYLENDERS.—J. G. D. (New Malden).—They are much of a muchness—60 per cent. gentry.
VARIOUS SHARES.—F. W. (Torquay).—All of the shares you mention are of no value. WALDEN.—The first two in your list represent fair speculative purchases. We know nothing of the others.
CAXTON AND COMPANY.—SEASIDE (Penzance).—Fairly so.
SAFE INVESTMENTS.—SMALL INVESTOR.—We do not like these offers of exceptionally high interest. J. W. B. (Glasgow).—We should prefer another selection. T. R. D. (Bristol).—The Japanese Bonds would give you the return you name with fair security, but we should prefer some sound home industrial security.
A. M. MANDEVILLE, LIMITED.—TURBINE (Southampton).—There is no market for them.
THE WOOLWICH EQUITABLE BUILDING SOCIETY.—W. N. (Manor Park).—It is a sound and well managed society, and we should much prefer its shares to those of the other concern you name.
OBJECTION TO LOTTERIES.—A. E. B. (Leicester).—We advise our readers not to send their money to Continental lotteries because our observation has satisfied us that it is a losing game. Somehow or other the much-talked-of prizes seldom come to this country.
THREE MINING SHARES.—H. A. W. (Brighton).—The answer is in the negative.
BRUSSELS MOTOR CAR CO.—C. J. (Dalston).—We doubt it.
CHARING CROSS BANK.—T. S. (Clapham Common).—They are able to pay the high interest because their business is that of usury.
BONUS SHARES.—J. M. M. (Glasgow).—Assuming the facts to be as stated, the Board should cancel the allotment.
SAXON GOLD MINES, LTD.—J. K. (Cardiff).—No, we do not think the Company is likely to "come to life again." On May 1st, 1906, it was resolved to wind up voluntarily.
TRADE PROTECTION SOCIETY.—D. T.—We should consider it a very impertinent enquiry.
OUTSIDE BROKERS.—H. U. K. (Southsea).—We never recommend Stock Exchange speculation through Outside Brokers. H. B. (Willesden).—Ditto. J. W. P. (Leeds).—Have nothing to do with them. L. R. S. (Glamorgan).—If you think it worth while to spend money in the payment of advertisements exposing the people you have been dealing with, and the newspapers are willing to take the advertisements, we see no objection, if little good, in your doing so. Frankly, we have little sympathy with men who can be deceived by the rubbish sent out by E. T. and H. Power and Co., of 409, City Road, E.C. We return your papers. J. W. H. (Burnley).—It is quite clear that you have been swindled, but we are at a loss to suggest a remedy. Indeed, you and others in like position are quite helpless. If you sue, these rogues will plead the Gaming Act, and to threaten is mere waste of ink. W. F. L. (Cork).—Ditto. J. S. (Warrington).—Ditto. G. T. (Belfast).—The waste-paper basket is the place for the many circulars of these people you send us. ANCHOR (Belfast).—Ditto. W. P. (Northampton).—We never advise dealings in margins and their like. S. C. P. (Reading).—Ditto.
CHAS. R STERLING AND CO.—W. L. (Clyde Bank).—We think you would have difficulty in maintaining your contention in face of your wire, "Do not close Steels to-day," and we see other difficulties in the way of your recovering the money you have lost, which, no doubt, have occurred to you. We return your papers.
GIANT MINES OF RHODESIA.—M. M. (London).—We should prefer to keep the debentures.
DERBHAM ROAD CYCLE CO.—P. S. M. (Poulton).—We note that you issued a summons in the Birkenhead County Court against these people, obtained judgment, with costs, put in execution, and secured payment of your claim. We congratulate you.
PREMIUM BONDS.—REGULAR READER (Jarrow).—The present price of Ottoman Bonds is about £7 5s., Congo about £3 14s., Credit Foncier, France, 1903, £20 3s. 6d. STAUNTON (Hartlepool).—The prices, as quoted from Messrs. N. Keizer and Co.'s list, refer to precisely the same bonds as those which the other firm you name offer at such a much higher rate. A PERUSER (Rhyl).—Why go to Paris, when you can buy them here quite as cheap?
HATTON GARDEN.—HATTON GARDEN.—We do not, as a rule, reply to anonymous communications. If you will send us your name and address, we shall be glad to communicate with you on the subject of the inquisitorial list of questions addressed by the Institute to a Hatton Garden firm of manufacturers and importers.
NATIONAL CASH REGISTER.—H. C. (Tottenham).—You say you purchased three tills about two years ago, for which you have paid nearly £200, and which you bought upon the assurance that the machines would never be sold cheaper. We are advising the many who are in a similar position to yours to join together for the purpose of testing the position in the Courts. Meantime we advise all who have instalments still to pay to withhold payment, to refuse to give up the machines if the company send for them, and to let them find their remedy in the Courts. We do not think you need be afraid of being troubled by litigation. J. B. (Barry Docks).—We cannot advise you to give up a good post to accept employment with these people. J. D. J. (Loughborough).—See what we have said on the subject in another column.
BUENOS AIRES AND PACIFIC RAILWAY ORDINARY.—NESTOR (London).—For so small an amount, we should prefer a different investment.
THE TRADERS' INSTITUTE.—F. H. W. (Bow Lane).—We note your explanation. J. O. R. (South Norwood).—We are obliged to you for the information.

INSURANCE ENQUIRIES.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—EGROS (Barrow-in-Furness).—We advise you to continue payments. S. S. (London).—It has been established for over 30 years, and is well managed and financially strong. W. F. T. (Croydon).—If you have any cause of complaint against Baron Profumo, or the association of which he is managing director, you should deal with him or it direct. Nothing is easier than to make charges of fraud, but they ought not to be made unless they can be sustained, and, judging from your letter, we do not think you have borne that truth in mind.
THE LAW CAR INSURANCE CORPORATION.—M. L. M. (Troedyrhiew).—We should be content with your present holding.
HEARTS OF OAK LIFE AND GENERAL ASSURANCE CO.—J. C. (Leeds).—The Company is not in the front rank, and we should prefer another selection. S. C. M. (Worthing).—The answer is in the negative.
THE NATIONAL SICK AND ACCIDENT CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY.—SONIA (Hammersmith).—We are not aware that there is any connection between this Society and the One and All of unhappy memory.
ROYAL LIVER FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—B. V. (Anerley).—Yes, quite reliable.
UNIVERSAL INSURANCE, LOAN AND INVESTMENT CO.—INTERESTED (Burnley).—We should prefer another selection. W. R. C. (Oakengates).—We are obliged to you for the information you send us respecting this concern. We have already advised readers to have nothing to do with it.
BRITISH EQUITABLE ASSURANCE CO.—J. H. C. (Palmer's Green).—Cash surrender values are granted to all policies of at least three years in force.
LINDUM (Lincoln).—We regret that we cannot be of assistance to you in disposing of your policy with this company.
THE LEGAL AND COMMERCIAL INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.—GENERAL MANAGER (Leeds).—We are obliged to you for copy of your first balance-sheet, as promised. You seem to be moving on safe lines, and to be making headway.
MARINE AND GENERAL MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—C. T. W. (Southwark).—The facts, which are a little complicated, are not quite as you state them to us. We understand that the society is in communication with you and your solicitor, and that the latter has not in any way criticised the society's requirements, which appear to be very usual and reasonable. The delay in settlement does not appear to have been of the society's making. We need hardly say that, if only as a matter of public prestige, the Marine and General would make a point of paying claims with the utmost possible promptitude, though some delay inevitably arises occasionally where, as in your case, the title to a much assigned policy is a difficult one. The perusal of this title and so on has, as we understand, entailed quite unusual trouble upon the society, but we are very confident that you may rely absolutely upon its doing all that is right in the matter, and without undue delay.
SECOND DUBLIN 1009TH STARR-BOWKETT BUILDING SOCIETY.—C. G. S. (Dublin).—Under the rules, four of the directors retire from office each year, and it is, of course, open to members not to re-elect them. We return your book.
PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY.—J. T. T. (Forest Hill).—We do not see what you can do in the matter, unless you can give the head office of the company the information they ask for.
LONDON AND PROVINCIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY.—T. M. (Liverpool).—It is a young company, having been established in 1906 with an authorised capital of £150,0000, of which £97,104 is subscribed and £85,873 paid up.
THE CANADA LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—L. A. (Nottingham).—The Scottish Amicable Life Assurance Society is an excellent office, but its representative was not accurate in his statement to you. If we take your actual policy on a basis of £1,000, the Canada Life Assurance Company policy is of a most comprehensive character, and contains definite guaranteed loan and surrender values, together with extended insurance privileges. The Scottish Amicable does not show such guarantees, but they do grant surrender values, and for a 20-year endowment, at age 40, the figures for the two companies work out as follows, bonuses being excluded in each case:—

After years.	"Scottish Amicable."	"Canada Life."
5	148 15 0	172 0 0
10	349 10 0	408 0 0
15	622 0 0	673 0 0

As to whether a Canada policy would be accepted as security at a bank as readily as one of the Scottish Amicable, the answer is in the affirmative. Indeed, as a commercial security, the Canada policy possesses a considerably higher value than that of the Scottish Amicable, and for this reason, it is more useful for deposit with the bank against a loan. Banks readily accept the Canada policy, as the definite values contained in it obviate the necessity of repeated applications to the office for information when making up their accounts. ULSTER (Belfast).—Yes, we can recommend it.
TEMPLE FIRE AND ACCIDENT CORPORATION.—LOVER OF JOHN BULL (Birmingham).—This company is disposing of its business.
THE CONFEDERATION LIFE ASSOCIATION (OF CANADA).—J. S. (Keighley).—We know of no reason why you should not accept an appointment as representative of this association.
BRITISH ENTERPRISE COMPANY.—A. J. H. (Bournemouth).—(1) We know of no reason why you should not do as you suggest. (2) The National Standard Assurance Company bids fair, by its policy of absorption and vigorous management, to become a very successful undertaking.
BRITISH MUTUAL ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION.—We have received a letter from the Secretary of this association commenting upon our reply to "J. H. H. (Catford)." The Secretary points out that "this good man, knowing full well the terms and conditions of the policy, continued to pay his premium month by month," and that "it is impossible for the Committee of Management to go outside the scope of the policy, approved and accepted by the members." In our reply to "J. H. H." we indicated that the association were within their right in acting as they did, but we expressed the opinion that the company might properly have strained a point in a case which, as the Secretary admits, "entails some small individual hardship." But perhaps we put it too high when we said that "any properly managed company" would have exercised a discretion of the kind.
GUARDIAN ASSURANCE COMPANY.—CINQUE PORT (Rye).—The questions you put to us should be addressed to the head office of this company, where you would get authoritative replies.
INSURANCE OF DEFECTIVE LIFE.—INQUISITOR (Hampstead).—Yes, there are offices that make a specialty of defective lives. For example, the Century Insurance Company issue policies to cover such cases under their pure endowment scheme. In the event of the assured dying before attaining a certain age, all monies received by the company are returned. Then there is the double endowment policy of the same company, issued at ordinary rates, but a debt is attached to the policy, and, on its maturing, it is wiped off, and the assured ranks as an ordinary policy-holder and gets the same benefits. The Sceptre Life Association also has a scheme for insuring second-class lives, which are also accepted by the General Life Assurance Company, which, instead of charging an extra premium, accepts the ordinary rate, charging a debt upon the policy to cover the extra risk involved, such debt being annually reduced, so that should the insurer survive the full average term of life, it will be extinguished. The Prudential, again, accepts ordinary rates of premium for impaired lives, with the proviso that, in the event of death within the early years of the policy, a stated deduction is made from the sum assured.
THE VICTORY COLLECTING SOCIETY.—W. K. S. (Stockton-on-Tees).—We have no idea as to the financial position of the society, or if the secretary is where you say he is.
GENERAL ACCIDENT, FIRE AND LIFE ASSURANCE CORPORATION.—T. E. G. (Lewes).—The statement we made to you that the policy was cancelled was made upon the authority of the company itself.
SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA.—J. A. C. (Liverpool).—We do not think so. Allowing for Income Tax rebate, endowment policies for 15 or more years in this company yield from 3 per cent. to 4 per cent. compound interest, in addition to insurance protection during the endowment period. This, in conjunction with the liberal guaranteed values in the way of cash, paid-up insurance, or extended insurance, justifies us in saying that you can hardly do better by endowment than in the Sun Life of Canada, especially if you keep in view the future possibilities of the Canadian field for investment.

AMONG THE LAWYERS.

SCHOLZ v. AMASIS, LTD.

The occasions are rare when the judges of the Court of Appeal deliver such scathing judgments upon the summing-up of a judge of a Divisional Court as happened in this case. It will be remembered that the action was brought by Mr. Hermann Scholz against Amasis, Ltd., a company formed to produce a comic opera bearing the same name, and Mr. F. K. Fenn, its author, to recover damages for an alleged breach by the defendants of the plaintiff's copyright in a play written by him and called "The Son of the Sun," of which he alleged that the defendants' play was substantially similar in plot and incident. Mr. Justice Jelf not only came to the conclusion, and found as a fact, that the defendants had infringed in a substantially material part the plaintiff's copyright, and gave judgment for the plaintiff against the defendants for £200 damages, and granted an injunction, but in the course of his summing-up he charged Mr. Fenn with having committed perjury in the witness-box. In giving judgment, the Lord Chief Justice, whilst expressing a strong opinion that there was no infringement of the copyright, took occasion to dissent in decided terms against Mr. Justice Jelf's statements as to Mr. Fenn, and Lord Justice Moulton in his judgment, following upon the same lines, used language of scathing rebuke when referring to Mr. Justice Jelf's references to Mr. Fenn. As to the one play being in material particulars a plagiarism of the other, Lord Justice Moulton ridiculed this opinion, and spoke of it as "absurd," and when he came to the Judge's observations of Mr. Fenn, he deeply regretted that any Judge could have allowed himself to speak in such language of a witness, without in the Lord Justice's opinion, a shadow of evidence to justify it—language endorsed by Mr. Justice Farwell. Mr. Justice Jelf has not been a success upon the Bench. At the Bar he had a large practice, and the reputation of being a stout fighter, but on the Bench he has been less successful.

THE PROSECUTION FOR FRAUDS BILL.

At first sight Sir Edward Carson's Prosecution for Frauds Bill, introduced last week, deserves hearty support. It seeks to provide that in every civil action in the High Court where fraud or conspiracy is attributed to any of the parties, the pleadings and other proceedings are to be served upon the Public Prosecutor. At present many such cases are disposed of by arrangement. The plaintiff imputes fraud, not because he really believes the defendant has been guilty of it, but because the solicitor tells him it may help to induce the defendant to come to terms. When terms have been arrived at the imputation is withdrawn, and there the matter ends. But if Sir Edward Carson's Bill becomes law, it may have the effect of increasing to a large extent the cases where fraud is alleged. The temptation to allege it will be much stronger than now. The plaintiff will incur no risk of any sort, and the defendant may naturally shrink from the papers being submitted to an erratic official, like the Public Prosecutor, who is in the habit of allowing very obvious frauds to pass without prosecution, whilst taking action in cases where judge and jury refuse to see any fraud. Brought in by Sir Edward Carson, and backed by Mr. Rufus Isaacs, K.C., and Mr. F. E. Smith, K.C., the Bill is very influentially sponsored, but its provisions will have to be examined very carefully if it is not to work more mischief than it corrects.

LEGAL ANSWERS.

Marriage.—J. D. L.—The woman is married to the man, and until that marriage is dissolved she is not at liberty to marry again. She can apply for divorce, and can sue *in forma pauperis* if she has no money. A solicitor will advise her as to this. The man's conduct entitles her to divorce.

Solicitor.—Anxious (Pimlico).—Send him a registered letter, and demand the return of all your papers and all money.

Divorce Procedure.—Divorcer.—Proceedings must be by petition, and the solicitor will tell you how to proceed when the evidence has been obtained. Costs might be about £20, and the husband would be ordered to pay them. Shadowing usually costs about 40s. a day at least.

Shares in Company.—Novice.—If there was a false statement in the accounts, it is a ground for rescinding the allotment. We think that an action would lie against the accountant.

Accounts of Local Authority (Tonypandy).—Under Section 247 of the Public Health Act, 1875, the District Auditor's report must be open to the inspection of the ratepayers. You should apply to the Clerk of the Council to produce it, and if you don't get it write to the L.G.B., Whitehall, London. The Council have no powers to deal with hawkers.

Recovery of Debt.—P. C. D. (Acton Green).—It is really a matter upon which you should consult a solicitor. If your story is correct, the debtor would seem to have brought himself within the criminal law, but prosecution would be a costly business.

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

The Swimming Season Again.

How we women ought to congratulate ourselves upon the facilities for swimming that we enjoy nowadays, when we think of our poor feminine ancestors. There is something really laughable in the sea-swim of early Victorian times—the bathing-machine, with its large hood over the back steps coming down almost to the surface of the water, and beyond which no well-conducted feminine bather ever thought of venturing. Then the absurd costume—nothing so masculine as knickers—just a heavy serge garment reaching down to the ankles. What would the athletic damsels of the present day think of such a state of affairs? Aren't you glad to have escaped it, girls? At most seaside resorts where there are facilities for bathing in the deep water at the end of the pier, it is customary to make some provision for women swimmers, and it is advisable for us to take advantage of this as much as possible, to encourage the authorities to continue the practice. But even for swimming thus in company with men, and under the eyes of the loungers on the pier, the vast majority of girls who propose to take the sport seriously do not hesitate to don the gown of the Amateur Swimmers' Association. This skirtless combination garment of blue stockingette can be bought at any athletic outfitter's from 3s. upwards, and will be a revelation of comfort to those who have hitherto worn costumes of serge, turkey-red twill, or other such clinging materials. The best way to manage the hair is to twist it very tightly on the top of the head and then put on one of those india-rubber caps that have an inch-deep band made to fit tightly round the forehead. They are not beautifying, but they certainly do keep the hair from being wetted by the sea-water, which has such a harmful effect upon the locks, while the cap can be rendered a little smarter by tying a bright-hued ribbon round its deep edge.

A Few Practical Hints.

Although sea-water is more buoyant, it is easier on the whole to learn to swim in a swimming-bath. Of course, some pick up the knack—for that is all it is—sooner than others, but anyone starting to learn now—this week—ought to be able to manage fairly well in the sea when she goes away for her holiday in August. The best way to teach one's chum to swim is not to grab her by her waistbelt as she flounders wildly in the water, but to place a firm supporting hand under her chin. Learning to dive is often enough a really painful business, owing to the impulse to draw back when it is too late, so that the patient—I should say, the learner—falls flat upon the water with a tremendous smack. But if you kneel on the very edge of the bath, and carefully go in head first from this position, you cannot possibly hurt yourself, as you are bound to enter the water at the right angle. To open the eyes while under water is simply an effort of will—there is no danger or difficulty in it. When you are learning to swim under water dive right down, then open your eyes, and at each stroke touch the bottom of the bath to make sure you are still down there. The unconscious tendency of the body to rise to the surface is almost irresistible, and all swimming-bath habituées have smiled to see a proud novice swimming quite on the surface of the water, but with her nose and mouth and tightly screwed-up eyes held just below the surface. A great point about bathing is not to stop in too long. Half-an-hour is the advisable limit. One gruesome little fact that is not generally known—the drowned body of a man floats face downwards—that of a woman, face upwards.

Dainty Frocks for Children.

Lingerie dresses—a comparative innovation for grown-ups—have always been in high favour for the little ones—that is to say, for those blessed with either a wealthy father or an industrious mother, for fine whiteness necessitates a terrible amount of overseeing and keeping clean. But what could be prettier for a child of from five to twelve than a dress of this description? Imagine a white lawn, the *bebe* bodice and lace-edged skirt joined by a band of wide insertion, through which is threaded pale pink ribbon. There is a tiny square yoke of soft net embroidered with pink-tipped daisies; around this is yet another fall of lace forming epaulettes over the puffed sleeves which end at the elbow with a band of the ribbon-threaded insertion, and, of course, another fall of lace. More uncommon, but scarcely prettier, is a muslin gown made with a panel front, which is edged on either side with frills of the same material and lavishly trimmed with lace appliqués in the shape of crescent-moons. Three frills edge the skirt, headed by a flat band of blue ribbon on which are studded at intervals more lace crescent-moons. There is a deep sash and a V-shaped opening at the throat to show a dainty blue vest. An accordion-pleated, white, china-silk frock had garlands of embroidered apple-blossom round the hem; the yoke consisted of rows and rows of overlapping lace, and was bordered by tabs of silk edged with lace and having a dainty spray of the pink blossom embroidered on each. With this was worn a white flop hat with a wreath of apple-blossom round the crown, and a pale blue bow with long streamers down the back. The little maid of six years who wore this get-up was the daughter of a somewhat frivolous French mother, so the childish effect was marred by gold bangles—a ring—and even a pair of long turquoise ear-rings.

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5 Clients who made £2,996.

C.G.B.'s A/c.

Cheques.	Initials.	£	s.	d.
1300	C.G.B.	10	9	3
1478	„	35	0	0
2274	„	24	0	0
2699	„	20	10	0
2738	„	12	0	0
3057	„	7	1	8
3419	„	12	10	0
3809	„	55	0	0
4494	„	157	10	0
4568	„	83	15	0
4682	„	40	0	0
5463	„	100	0	0
6427	„	69	7	6
6506	„	67	10	0
6627	„	60	0	0
6712	„	67	10	0
6892	„	30	0	0
8217	„	27	10	0
8423	„	65	0	0
		£944	13	5

R.J.C.'s A/c.

Cheques.	Initials.	£	s.	d.
508	R.J.C.	10	0	0
1951	„	23	15	6
2464	„	8	0	0
3084	„	14	5	0
3938	„	9	10	0
4129	„	27	15	0
5443	„	13	5	0
5581	„	65	5	0
6049	„	37	0	0

R.J.C.'s A/c.—Continued.

Cheques.	Initials.	£	s.	d.
6198	R.J.C.	118	15	0
7163	„	30	0	0
7351	„	112	10	0
7685	„	22	5	6
7723	„	25	0	0
8237	„	17	0	0
8348	„	79	10	0
9186	„	157	0	0
3339	„	17	10	0
3549	„	8	15	0
5581	„	65	5	0
5887	„	54	1	8
558	„	6	10	0
5443	„	13	5	0
		£936	2	8

R.A.S.'s A/c.

C20905	R.A.S.	6	16	4
C22212	„	26	5	0
677	„	6	0	0
833	„	27	10	0
403	„	42	10	0
1164	„	60	0	0
1553	„	16	8	10
1771	„	59	6	9
3129	„	60	0	0
7728	„	40	0	0
7864	„	14	7	6
8119	„	23	2	0
8610	„	47	10	0
8668	„	25	0	0

R.A.S.'s A/c.—Continued.

Cheques.	Initials.	£	s.	d.
8901	R.A.S.	107	9	2
8937	„	12	10	0
9070	„	18	15	0
		£593	10	7

H.V.'s A/c.

5854	H.V.	12	10	0
5977	„	9	0	0
7471	„	24	0	0
7509	„	14	0	0
7729	„	7	0	0
8333	„	21	12	3
8356	„	15	13	9
8472	„	12	10	0
8671	„	11	2	4
8693	„	20	10	0
8720	„	31	5	0
8881	„	20	0	0
8902	„	10	0	0
8966	„	11	17	10
9015	„	14	0	0
9106	„	8	0	0
		£243	1	2

O.M.W.'s A/c.
(New Client.)

7968	O.M.W.	84	0	0
8409	„	75	0	0
8866	„	24	0	0
9114	„	96	0	0
		£279	0	0

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JOHN BULL (Feb. 20) says: "If you win you will be paid."

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J.B. 124

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ADDRESS IN FULL.....
.....

LARGEST FIRM OF STOCK AND SHARE DEALERS IN THE KINGDOM

A TEMPERANCE FIASCO.

By Ronald Pearse.

Much is excused in a man who has a bee in his bonnet. No one expects a vegetarian to fall into raptures over a fat stock show; still less does one look for logic in the mind of a teetotal faddist. Amid the fierce torrent of invective poured by temperance "reformers" on those who opposed the late-unlamented Licensing Bill, many were the eulogistic references made to the New Zealand system of Local Option, especially that section of it which enables the glorious era of "No Licence" to be ushered in. Under this latter scheme, should a three-fifths majority in any licensing district vote for "No Licence," all existing licences cease automatically, and no new ones can be granted until the popular vote is reversed, all clubs sharing the same fate.

But let us see how "No Licence" works in thrice-blessed New Zealand. Some time ago the Government of Western Australia sent a special commissioner to inquire into the liquor laws of the Eastern States and that country. The report made by this gentleman is before me as I write, and a most instructive document it is.

Under the licensing laws of New Zealand the electors (they are of both sexes) are called upon every three years to vote for the continuance, reduction, or abolition of licences in their respective districts. When this order of things was inaugurated in 1894 fourteen districts carried "No Licence," while between 1896 and 1898 the "No Licence" vote rose from 98,312 to 220,104, which is greater by over 33,000 than the "Continuance" vote. If one relied upon the arguments of people like Sir Thomas Whittaker, one would say that the effects of this wholesale closing of drinking places would be a heavy decline in the national liquor bill. But what has happened in New Zealand? During the period "No Licence" legislation has been in force the population has increased by 22 per cent and the drink bill by 33 per cent., or from £2 19s. 8d. per head to £3 15s. 10d.!

This is not all, however. The painstaking Government inquirer then turned to the criminal statistics, selecting as a favourable example the town of Invercargill, whose 12,000 inhabitants have not a solitary licence between them. Invercargill "went dry" in 1905, and during the year previous to her conversion there were 338 convictions under the general heading of "criminal offences"; at the end of the first "No Licence" year the figure was 368. Drunkenness, naturally enough, decreased (on paper) from 145 to 86, but in other respects the blessings attained were represented by a rise of 8 in the number of affiliation and lunacy orders, of 50 in theft cases, and of 2 in convictions for indecency. A study of the police returns for other "No Licence" districts reveals a similar state of affairs. A "No Licence" vote, it should be explained, does not mean prohibition. There is no ban upon the importation of certain specified quantities of liquor, so that, as the Commissioner remarks, the well-to-do suburban resident who votes for the removal of the "pub." merely imposes a disability on his poorer neighbour who cannot afford to keep a wine cellar. The righteous folk of Invercargill, though the sight of a licensed house fills them with horror, nevertheless do themselves pretty well, for the amount of liquor they imported in two years in accordance with the law requiring declaration (these quantities only represent a portion of the actual consumption) was as follows:—Beer, 112,463½ gallons; porter, 2,209 gallons; whisky, 7,131 gallons; brandy, 195 gallons; gin, 189 gallons; rum, 33 gallons; wine, 895 gallons; cider, 834 gallons. Total, 123,952 gallons.

Great play is made by teetotalers of the reduction of the police force which would follow the disappearance of the publican, but if the word of the Commissioner of Police at Invercargill can be accepted, another cherished belief must go by the board, that official having declared to the compiler of the report that a large increase of plain-clothes and uniformed men was necessary to cope with the numerous evasions of the law which inevitably occurred.

There is much more in this candid report which provides food for reflection by normal-minded persons, and only lack of space prevents me from dealing with. But what have our Stigginses to say to the following "conclusions" the Government investigator arrives at? He found in the districts abutting on "No Licence" areas scenes of debauchery due to increased drinking which he describes as "shocking." Open drunkenness in "No Licence" districts is, he finds, less common, "but there is more secret drinking, and more drinking in the homes of the people." And this is what Sir Thomas Whittaker and his friends are trying to introduce into England! Scotland and Wales are already melancholy object-lessons of what unreasonable restriction brings in its train. But even they have not gone to the lengths reached by public-houseless New Zealand.

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SPORT.

By Jim Crow.

It is not often that you find two people with the same ideas about sport. Some will even deny the title to any recreation which does not appeal personally to themselves. Thus the term "sporting man" is occasionally restricted to frequenters of the turf. Thus, the three-card trickster, the tout, the welsher are all sporting men, though most of us would hesitate to call them sportsmen.

The Stigmata of Sport.

The fact is, a sportsman, like a gentleman, has come to mean more—or less—than the dictionaries admit. Literally, a gentleman is a well-born male, but nowadays the word is taken to imply nice behaviour. Similarly, a sportsman need not be an athlete so long as he is well-plucked and good-tempered. He must smile at adversity, get up again when he is knocked down, give everybody a chance of going double or quits. If he has a red face and a loud voice, all the better, but these are not essential.

The Gentle Art.

Definitions of sport seem to me to be very arbitrary. Why, for instance, should fishing be regarded as a sport but not spilikins, billiards but not croquet, shooting but not cocoshies? I think sport ought to involve an element of danger. To stalk a tiger or fly a balloon or swim Niagara is not far removed from heroism. But to sit on a bank with a worm at the end of a string and wait for cold-blooded creatures to be pulled out sounds childish as well as dull. Battues of birds are nearly as tame, though many real sportsmen appear to delight in them.

Hunting is better, for (with any decent luck) you may whirl furiously through the air after a fox—or into a ditch. It makes your blood tingle, and inspires an appetite for good old English fare and plenty of port. Racing, except in the case of jockeys, and perhaps trainers, is a more vicarious sport, but it affords opportunities for suppressing the emotions. I remember a friend who took very long odds about a double event—£10,000 to £5, or something like that. The first horse won; the second started at 5 to 2 and was beaten by a short nose. Not only did my friend refuse to hedge, but he watched the race without ever turning a hair.

Many despise arm-chair sport, but after all it is better to patronise a good thing rather than to ignore it altogether. I confess that I am sometimes bored by enthusiasts whose talk is of runs and goals. Still, they sometimes pay gate-money, without which cricket and football might languish.

The Noble Art.

For the same reason pugilism ought to be encouraged more than it is. Some fifty years ago every boy was taught to box: if he had any disagreement of moment, he was not too effeminate to put up his fists. Bughunting and Kipling and boy-scouts would have had a short shrift. Beef and beer had not been superseded by lemonade and American cigarettes. When I am a millionaire I shall devote huge sums to the encouragement of the fighting instinct which now threatens to languish. Gold cups and heavy purses shall be offered in every town and school and village in the three kingdoms, and I shall be acclaimed as a more practical benefactor than Carnegie, the father of book-worms.

Let Us Draw the Sword.

I shall also do something for fencing. This has earned undeserved contumely as a foreign fashion. But it is an accomplishment suited to a gentleman; it develops grace as well as muscles, and takes you back to the days of chivalry and romance. Of course, I am not alluding to the barbarous exercises of sausage-eating students, who carve each other's faces: I only write for civilised readers. But if everybody acquired the use of the rapier, we might hope for a revival of duelling, and that would mend manners. In any case, energies would no longer be wasted on toy rifle-ranges, or days with Baden-Powell, or helping Lord Roberts to advertise.

Sport v. Literature.

The only objection to sports is that they are too engrossing. They leave little or no leisure for the humanities. Nor has anyone ever made a serious attempt to effect a reconciliation. At least, I can remember no writer who has ever done much to celebrate our violent exercises. Whyte-Melville made an attempt, but he is too long-winded for the present taste, and cannot cope with Caine or Corelli. Of course, Jorrocks is full of charm, but his rollicking humour cannot be expected to commend itself to this fly-blown generation, which prefers to snigger over the *Sporting Times* in a bar-parlour. The fact is that no demand exists for good sporting literature, otherwise we should soon have a supply. It is more important that we should be sportsmen than bookworms.

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3d. for a packet of 10 Cigarettes which before the Budget were 2½d. You get as good value, if not better, than you did before the Budget when you buy

Black Cat MEDIUM Cigarettes

A Cigarette manufactured under ideal conditions from selected fuller flavoured and heavier leaves of the same famous choice 1904 crop of finest Virginia Tobacco as the Black Cat Mild Cigarettes.

10 for 2½d.

Don't pay 3½d. for any Cigarettes which were 10 for 3d before the Budget. Black Cat Mild at 10 for 3d. are the best Cigarettes that can be produced They were 10 for 3d. before the Budget, they are 10 for 3d. still. *None better at any price*

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We, as world-wide reputable and responsible manufacturers make and sell our Cigarettes at the same popular price as we did before the Budget, and give fair profit to the Tobacconist,

Thus proving that we positively give the best value to the public and we therefore repeat—

don't pay any more than you did before the Budget.

Of all Tobacconists, or from CARRERAS, Ltd., 7 Wardour Street, London, W. Est. 1788

THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY

By M. Clement Scott.

"The Explorer."

I am afraid it is quite useless—Lewis Waller may appeal again and again for a new trial, but the verdict will always be the same concerning Somerset Maugham's play "The Explorer." 'Guilty," without even the benefit of extenuating circumstances.

Guilty of being artificial, guilty of being devoid of interest, and, above all, guilty of being entirely unsatisfactory and unconvincing.

Take Lucy Allerton, for example—the author's "don't-know-her-own-mind" heroine, who begins by loving and being grateful to "The Explorer" for offering her his heart and hand in exchange for a name branded with the taint of a forger-father who is doing seven years' penal servitude—then proceeds to doubt and throw over her lover for a most incredulous lie, the transparency of which is so obvious that you want to get up and shake the girl for her stupidity in not seeing through the trickery of it, and finally, although Lucy knows nothing more about facts than she did when sending Lewis Waller "out of her sight for ever," she comes and begs his pardon about her injustice and foolishness.

Miss Evelyn D'Alroy tries her level best to be natural and veil the insincerity of such a woman, but it is impossible to breathe truth into a character so utterly alien to nature, and her sweetness is entirely wasted.

Imagine Evelyn D'Alroy with her arms about Lewis Waller's neck beseeching him to stay with her, and Waller replying:

"Alas! It is too late—too late. To-morrow I leave here and go to explore that corner of the world from which few men have ever returned."

"Then take me with you," sobs Evelyn.

"No! no, it is impossible," sighs Waller.

"But I love you so," declares Miss D'Alroy.

"Ah! then, I *will* come back, Lucy, I *will* come back. If you love me I *will live*, my darling, my darling!" or words to this effect; and there the story, such as it is, finishes.

But whether Waller defies Providence and returns, or whether he gets a doctor's certificate and doesn't start on the journey at all, or whether he hires an understudy to go out in his place on the perilous expedition, must for ever remain a mystery.

The only relief in Mr. Maugham's dull drama at the Lyric Theatre is the exquisitely delicate art of Fanny Brough as the fascinating Mrs. Crowley—a widow who never grows older than twenty-nine. Oh! the finish and point she gives to every sentence, nay, every word—her performance is indeed quite perfect.

But no matter how skilful the acting, nothing will ever turn "The Explorer" into a good play, and, so far as I have seen, it is the most unattractive thing William Somerset Maugham has ever written.

"The Follies."

The cry is "Still they come"—more and more additions to the now famous and brilliantly clever programme of "Les Follies, Frères et Soeurs."

Really the music-hall burlesque of this artistic troupe made me ill with laughter, and I positively rolled from side to side of my stall when H. G. Pelissier—a picture of Babylonian Beauty—appeared as Margarine the Hypnotic Hippo and, mesmerised by Lewis Sydney, performed the most extraordinary gymnastics, after the style of several "stars" we won't talk about who have been doing "turns" at some of the leading London music-halls.

Other deliciously quaint caricatures are provided by Ethel Allandale as Margaret Whooper, Gwennie Mars as Julia Neilson, and Morris Harvey as Fred Terry in the "Henry de Navarre" potted play.

The progress of "The Follies" has been ever upward and onward, and with such a fine Captain as Pelissier at the helm there need be no fear of lack of public favour in any new journey or fresh enterprise they may start upon.

"The Follies" spell "joy," their entertainment "delight."

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

See page iii of cover.

INDIGESTION

MEANS—

TORTURING PAINS. CHRONIC WEARINESS.
WRETCHED DAYS. WAKEFUL NIGHTS.

It means being "done up," "played out," "good for nothing," all the day and every day. It means starved blood, starved muscles, a starved body and a starved brain; in short, it means ruined health and a broken-down system unless you root it out without delay.

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SEIGEL'S SYRUP

Mother Seigel's Syrup is the standard remedy for indigestion, biliousness, constipation, and all diseases arising from a disordered condition of the stomach, liver and bowels. Made from the extracts of certain roots, barks and leaves which exert a remarkable curative and tonic effect on the stomach, liver and bowels, it has no equal as a digestive tonic and stomachic remedy. This is the testimony of tens of thousands of persons whom it has cured after all other medicines had miserably failed.

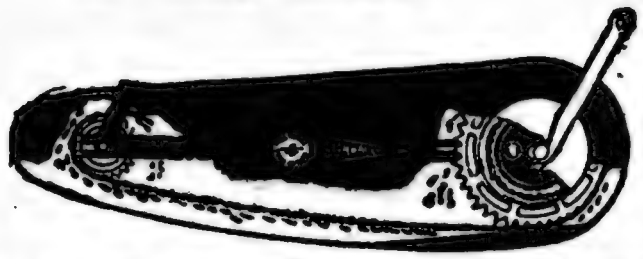
GIVES

STRENGTH TO THE WEAK, ENERGY TO THE LANGUID, COMFORT TO THE DYSPEPTIC.

GOOD DIGESTION TO ALL

CYCLISTS—

LET THE LITTLE OIL BATH DO YOUR WORK.



How much power Cyclists lose through the extra friction caused by dirty and badly lubricated Chains and Driving Bearings Those who ride Golden Sunbeams are free from this extra friction.

And how much time Cyclists waste through having to clean the Chains and Driving Bearings of their Bicycles Those who ride the Golden Sunbeams are free from this drudgery, for the Little Oil Bath Gear Case both keeps clean and lubricates these parts.

And how much wear of the Driving Bearings and stretch of the Chain does the Little Oil Bath save? That is why one Sunbeam outlasts half a dozen cheap Cycles.

All Cyclists in purchasing a new mount should insist on having the Golden Sunbeam, and let the Little Oil Bath do the work.

J. Marston, Ltd.—21, Sunbeamland—Wolverhampton—send the 1909 Sunbeam Cycle List free on application.

BULL'S EYES.

NOTES OF INTERROGATION:—
Why doesn't the Government insure *itself* against unemployment?
Isn't the Admiralty getting tired of Bacon and "beans"?
If, as Lord Roberts says, we have no Army, why do we pay "Bobs"?
Is there a "Tradesmen's entrance" at 10, Downing Street?
Will Crooks' health tour round the world result in Hardie-ness?
Is the mysterious airship the big gooseberry in another guise?
Do they spell it "Wrothschild and Sons" now?
Does Bernard Shaw believe that truth lies in Wells?
Wasn't the Paris strike somewhat a-miss?
What is the difference between the Australian cricketers and our professionals?
Are art dealers' little ways "a fair knock-out"?

Australian Dreadnoughts.—The Colonial cricketers.

The explanation of the "scareship hoax" is that someone is "taking a rise" out of this country.

Another decorated Mutiny veteran has just died in the Cambridge *workhouse*, and there are people who wonder why recruits are scarce.

"It is often foolish to follow fashion," says a Madrid journal. But we can't all afford to lead it.

Girls handed round the offertory bags at a service in the Argyle Chapel, Bath. They should call it the Beguile Chapel.

"Women in Korea have often no name at all," says Dr. Weir. How eager they must be to get married!

At Southwark, a woman who said her husband was in the theatrical line, added: "He is in the gas." Warm work.

"Nowadays wives seem to own everything," Judge Edge said recently. They have such taking ways, bless 'em.

"Fleet Without Eyes," reads an *Express* heading. Time it went to sea.

According to Lord Hemphill, the prospects of the Liberal party were ever brighter than at present. Its past must have been distinctly gloomy.

Johnson, the world's champion boxer, who is to appear in a piece at the Aldwych Theatre, will no doubt give a striking performance.

The *Autocar* warns motorists to avoid Coventry. This should make the place popular with pedestrians.

The new Shaftesbury Theatre possesses a "padded pit." We trust it won't have plays to match.

At Battersea, a woman has been fined for street betting. We presume they found at least one "slip" on her.

According to Mr. P. M. Walters, the spectator is the curse of modern football. But he is a necessary evil.

The Prince of Samos denies his reported assassination. He ought to know.

Curious that however pretty her name may be, a woman is generally willing to change it.

In Cornwall, it is said that the average girl of twelve is taller than a boy the same age. But is she "wider"?

The heaviest policeman in England is said to weigh 23st. 10lbs. Heaven help the malefactor he drops on!

Two lieutenants at Carcassonne recently fought a duel about a sausage. Was there a "mash" in the affair?

The man arrested in Warsaw for stealing the watch of the dentist who was extracting one of his teeth, evidently thought exchange no robbery.

"More Rest for Policemen," reads a heading. Bill Sikes thinks they're arresting too much as it is.

"Gaol as Health Resort," reads an *Express* heading. A sort of arrest cure.

Admiral Nebogatoff has been released from prison. We are glad to see Nebo-got-off.

"The parasol is always a problem," says the *Star*. But one women won't give up.

Mme. Anna Held says that during twelve years on the American stage she has made £200,000. Query: How much has Anna Held?

UNFOUNDED RUMOUR:—That Surrey won their match against the Australians without a "Hitch."

LIVERPOOL VICTORIA LEGAL FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

CHIEF OFFICE—ST. ANDREW STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Claims Paid Exceed	£6,500,000
Invested Funds	£3,500,000
Cash Bonuses Paid	£287,000

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ARTHUR HENRI, Secretary.

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It's ready to write anywhere anytime, ready to FILL ITSELF from any ink supply and it CANNOT LEAK.

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Price 10/6 and upwards at all stationers, stores, jewellers, etc.

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IMPORTANT.—For those who require a larger pen with a very flexible nib, a special model—the new G, has this year been put on the market. It is exceptional value for the money. Try this new G at your stationers.

Also ask him for Onoto Ink, the best for fountain and all other pens.

3/09

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JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS, when referring to previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to—such as whether it related to a legal, financial, insurance, publishing, or general enquiry.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Owing to the great increase in the number of* ENQUIRIES *received, consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag." The Editor will, however, in special cases, endeavour to reply by post to those correspondents who forward a stamped addressed envelope. When answers already standing in type have been published,* ONLY THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST *will appear. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc., which will be duly acknowledged in these columns.*

AUTHORS and artists submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write names and addresses upon the back of their work. The Editor can accept no responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work when stamps have been enclosed in payment of postage.

WILL readers suffering from scarlatina or other infectious diseases kindly refrain from writing to us till their convalescence is complete? We recently received a letter from a sick person, and had to bury it in a remote part of Jim Crow's country seat.

G. C. (Limehouse) and E. L. (Stepney) want biscuits for two errors in the *Star*. But as both the subjects happen to be of a gruesome character, we refrain.

Messrs. BUCKENHAM BROS., of 12, St. Bride Street, E.C., write, in reference to our recent comment upon their offer of a stewardship on a battleship in return for a fee and a deposit of £50 in cash, that "Our client, who is Messman to the Admiralty, and who holds excellent credentials, has engaged a Steward, with £50 security, *and who holds it himself*, is quite satisfied with the position." We do not quite understand *who* holds the £50 and is quite satisfied with the position. They say that "by agreements shown us, a messman is allowed to engage his own second steward and chef." This hawking of posts on men-of-war is certainly surprising, and we think the Admiralty ought to give the matter attention.

"MAUD MILO" (Salford).—Sorry for the mistake in the date on the last page of the cover of our issue of the 15th. We called our printer loudly by name several times when we discovered it, which we did before many copies were off the press.

G. H. S. (Wandsworth).—The following newspapers are published at Cambridge:—*Cambridge Chronicle, Cambridge Daily News, Cambridge Express, Cambridge Independent Press, Cambridge Review, Cambridge University Reporter, Cambs. Weekly News* and *Huntingdonshire Herald*. The name of the town would be sufficient address for any of them. In addition to those named, there are no less than twenty-one periodicals published there.

A. H. (Norwich) asks whether the Catholic Apostolic Church "is a recognised sect." We do not quite follow his meaning. If by recognised he means recognised by the State in the way the Church of England is, the answer is no. We may add that the body possesses six churches in London and, to the best of our belief, there has never been the slightest slur cast upon it or its ministers.

T. F. (West Green).—We are afraid we have not the time to work out the elaborate figures you require. Your best course would be to get the newspapers containing the results of the by-elections at Sheffield and Stratford-on-Avon. Doubtless in some of them—at any rate the Tory ones—you would find the material you require.

"SCOTLAND EVER" (Oban).—We are afraid the publication you mention has ceased to exist. From a circular we read issued by the liquidator, we gathered that the gentleman you name is dead. Why so early? There is nobody but the cat in the office at 9. Jim always comes in at lunch time—and leaves again immediately after an abortive interview with the cashier.

Mr. R. G. BLACKWELL, Manager of the Society of Sea-going Stewards, 199, Barking Road—referring to the recent communication we published from C.F.H.—wishes to make it quite clear that he is not the "Blackwell, of Canning Town," whose methods are adversely criticised. He says that he brought to the notice of his Society a few weeks ago several of the objectionable advertisements offering to supply information, for a small fee, to persons desirous of obtaining posts on board ship, and sends us the official organ of his Society, *The Chief Steward*, which warms up several bogus stewards' associations. He states that his Society deals only with *bona-fide* members of the victualling department of the Mercantile Marine, and in addition to inspection of the discharge-book, it makes rigid investigation into an applicant's personal character and competency before admitting him to membership. Further, he says that the Society is the only stewards' organisation endorsed by the Board of Trade and the Shipping Federation. Neither he nor his Society, of course, ever appeals to the general public. We sincerely hope that Mr. Blackwell has suffered no annoyance from the similarity of names.

F. H. (Leeds) congratulates us on the return of our old cartoonist, Mr. Frank Holland, but has yet to learn that tobacco was in vogue in the time of Moses. F. H. evidently did not read the wording under the cartoon.

J. S. (Newport) has been struck by a statement in the *Penny Pictorial* to the effect that there is "within a quarter of a mile of Charing Cross a cellar (heated in damp weather to keep out the rust) containing 50,000 stands of Mauser rifles and seven and a half million cartridges." We must have a special search made in our basement.

A. F. B. (Slough).—A matrimonial agency need not be registered. Are you going to start one?

"A HOTEL EMPLOYEE" says he is treated like a white slave. Why not run away?

Abridged Prospectus.

The SUBSCRIPTION LISTS WILL CLOSE on or before FRIDAY, the 28th MAY, 1909.

MOUNTAIN and GIBSON and THORNEWILL, Limited, are issuing a Prospectus, dated 13th May, 1909, which states, among other things, that:—"The full Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies."

MOUNTAIN & GIBSON & THORNEWILL, LIMITED.

Share Capital £150,000

Divided into 150,000 Shares of £1 each, of which 51,734 Shares will be allotted as fully paid up to the Vendor Company in part payment of the purchase consideration; 60,000 are now being offered for subscription and the balance of 38,266 Shares are held in reserve for future issue as and when required.

5 per cent. Debentures: Authorised £75,000,

Divided into 1,500 Bonds of £50 each, of which 292 Bonds are to be issued in part payment of the purchase consideration; 808 Bonds are now offered for subscription and the balance of 400 Bonds are held in reserve.

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60,000 Shares of £1 each and 808 Five per cent. Debentures of £50 each, payable as follows—

SHARES.		DEBENTURES.	
On Application	2/6	On Application	£5
On Allotment	7/6	On Allotment	£10
Two Months after Allotment	5/-	One Month after Allotment	£15
Six Months after Allotment	5/-	Three Months after Allotment	£20
Per Share	£1	Per Debenture	£50

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AUDITORS.
W. B PEAT AND CO., Chartered Accountants, 11, Ironmonger Lane, E.C., Middlesbrough, York, and Barrow-in-Furness.
THOMAS BOWDEN, SONS AND NEPHEW, Chartered Accountants, Newcastle-on-Tyne and Manchester.

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LLOYDS BANK, LIMITED, 71, Lombard Street, London, E.C., Burton-on-Trent, and other Branches.
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BROKERS.
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SECRETARY (pro tem.) AND REGISTERED OFFICE.
G. LAURIE-WALKER, 49, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

The Debenture Bonds are to be made repayable on the 1st day of February, 1926, at £52 10s. per Debenture, with power for the Company at any time to redeem before that date on giving six calendar months' notice, at £52 10s. per Debenture, and in the event of a winding-up the Debentures are to be paid off at £52 10s. per Debenture.

Messrs. W. B. Peat and Co., of 11, Ironmonger Lane, London, E.C., Chartered Accountants, have examined the books of Mountain and Gibson, Limited, since its formation, and report upon the profit results of the business as follows:—

11, Ironmonger Lane, London, E.C.,
7th May, 1909.

To the Directors,
MOUNTAIN AND GIBSON AND THORNEWILL, LIMITED.
Elton Fold Works, Bury.

"We have examined the books and accounts of Mountain and Gibson, Limited, since its formation, and hereby certify that after making certain adjustments in the profits as between the periods ending 31st July, 1906, 31st July, 1907, and 6th June, 1908, and before charging interest, income-tax, formation expenses, depreciation and special expenditure referred to below, the profits have been as follows:—

13 months ending 31st July, 1906, £5,967 18s. 7d., or at the rate of £5,508 17s. 2d. per annum. 12 months ending 31st July, 1907, £5,002 14s. 8d. 10 months and 6 days ending 6th June, 1908, £5,426 0s. 7d., or at the rate of £6,385 12s. 3d. per annum.

"The Company, in its published accounts, has upheld as an asset the following expenditure on experimental and initial outlay in working out standard designs, including experiments on patents:—

13 months ending 31st July, 1906	£10,620 17 9
12 months ending 31st July, 1907	4,916 6 11
10 months and 6 days ending 6th June, 1908	2,804 8 2
	£18,341 12 10

with the intention of writing off these items in a short period of years, and up to the 6th June, 1908, £6,733 11s. 8d. of the above profits had been applied in this manner."

Your obedient servants,
W. B. PEAT AND CO.,
Chartered Accountants.

Applications for Shares and/or Debentures must be made on the forms accompanying the full Prospectus and forwarded to the Company's Bankers with the required deposit, being the amount payable on application.

Prospectuses and forms of application can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, or from the Bankers or Solicitors.

MONEY IS MADE

by Banks and Insurance Companies out of their Investments. Look at the Balance Sheet of any such concern, and you will see what income they enjoy from their INVESTMENTS. They don't have money lying idle; if they did, how would they earn huge dividends on their CAPITAL?

MONEY

is more likely to be lost if you have it lying idle at your command than if it were safely invested. Some enticing proposition comes along, the money is there, you go in—and frequently lose the entire amount. Now supposing your money were locked up in SOUND INVESTMENTS, you would say, "No, I have no loose cash at the moment." That money would surely be saved.

All Stock Exchange orders are guaranteed to be executed only through **members** of the highest standing, whose **original contracts** will be sent by request; thus ensuring to clients not only **absolute safety**, but proving the fact that **no** extra charges are made whatsoever for our advice, guarantee and services. Write to-day, and we will tell you how to invest your money—**you are at liberty to do the business where you like.**

The British Bank of Commerce is the only Bank whose Guarantee-Deposit-Certificates are absolutely secured by Government Bonds, which, besides paying fair interests QUARTERLY, can be turned into Cash at any moment, or on which temporary advances are made at from 3% p.a. Details on application.

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Codes:
B.B.C. Private and Lieber's.

T. E. Q. (Reading).—We are not anti-German, anti-Protestant or anti-anything else—except anti-faddists. In other words, we belong to the true "Catholic" Church.

R. MACD. (Manchester).—Why do you write on one side of the paper—surely your letter was not intended for publication? Jim Crow laid in a special stock of Scotch before the Budget, and will be glad to take a sip with you for Auld Lang Syne.

"FAIR PLAY" (Bethnal Green).—What is your exact complaint?

T. H. M. (Fulham) says the Gas Light and Coke Company made no difficulty when he offered references instead of deposit, but on the other hand the Fulham Borough Council refused to supply him with electric light without a deposit of £2. So much for Municipal trading.

K. T. P. (Slough) cannot understand the meaning of the little story we recently published, translated from the French, entitled "The Letter Box." Neither can we.

T. M. (Raleigh).—We can't spare any more space for the Salvation Army at present.

"CEDEM" (Jersey).—All your complaints are duly noted. Will you come over and edit us during the holidays?.

J. S. W. (Manchester) is a commercial traveller and warmly approves of our idea of a Business Party. He says whenever politics are discussed in the commercial rooms of hotels, there is no dissent from the proposition that scarcely any member of the present or late Government would be able to earn 30s. a week on his commercial merits.

A. C. (Musselburgh) congratulates us on our Budget article and offers to supply us with the very best whisky in the world—but forgets to send a sample case.

R. W. (Ealing) is surprised that after the persecution our Editor has suffered at the hands of the Government, he should not have "slated the Budget more"—but for the life of us we cannot see the connection between the two things.

M. C. B. (London).—You are quite mistaken. See answer to T. E. Q. (Reading).

"NIMROD" (Leicester) writes a very pointed letter. In order to secure a vote, he will have to remain six months longer in his present lodgings, and, says he, "perhaps Crow can tell you a little of the hardships of sticking digs. for more than six months without a change." Moreover, what is the use of a vote when, as he points out with great vigour, "both parties are frauds or fools"? He had better migrate to South Hackney.

"A READER" (Hampstead) comments on discs sold to deaf cyclists, and thinks that, in the event of accident, motorists would disclaim liability on account of the admission of deafness. The moral is that deaf people should be very careful when cycling.

M. M. (Birmingham).—We forgive the Free Library. The men of Brum. will have to buy us for themselves. More power to their elbows!

B. S., JUN. (Forest Gate), wants us to arbitrate on all outstanding questions between England and Ireland. What is the arbitrator's fee?

E. O. (Manchester) complains of an advertising Dr. (?) Macaura, who offers "free" advice, the advice being to buy one of his machines for £1 18s.

F. H. (Alvaston).—Your sentiments are even better than your poetry.

"BENEDICT" (Dalston).—What is it you want to know about arrears of rent?

F. E. J. (Feltham).—Any registered practitioner can give a certificate of death.

"ORGANIST," replying to an inquiry about the diplomas of the Victoria College of Music, suggests the perusal of a book on "Dubious and Imitation Degrees," published at the *Musical News* Office, 4, Bell's Buildings, Salisbury Square (price 1s. 3d.).

H. J. R. (Edmonton) was surprised at "the number of fellows in his office who had lost the 2s. piece he picked up." What was the eventual refreshment?

"DRAKELOWE" maintains the existence of a successful betting system. If he will send it to us, we will give it a trial—on paper!

A. M. (Camberwell) hopes Jim Crow is dead. No such luck!

H. O. M. (Lee) wishes we would cut out "such uninteresting and irritating trivialities" as our biscuits. Horrid Old Man!

J. G. (Caledonian Road).—We know of no satisfactory Legal Aid Society.

A. B. (Leicester) wants a good rhyming dictionary. That sounds bad. Is he in love?

J. W. (Battersea) wants us to organise a society of young men and women to visit the poor sick. But surely many visit them already.

P. S. (New Wandsworth).—"Rats" is not a bad name for a patent cure.

J. C. (Middlesbrough).—We are not surprised to hear that Lord Rosebery has taken up "medical herbalism." He might well imitate Nebuchadnezzar in other respects.

A. J. P. (Harringay).—Space is now so precious that we fear we cannot publish the names of all who send biscuits. Their name is Legion.

J. W. J. wants to know if an ordinary kitchen fender is a fire-guard within the meaning of the Act. That would probably depend on results.

A. R. S. (Egerton Terrace) fears that all shooting men do not take out licences regularly. He wants to compel hosts to make returns of all guests who come to shoot with them. Quite a Socialistic idea of hospitality! Surely the Revenue people are quite sharp enough as it is.

S. M. (Brixton) contends that a man who finds something knows (or ought to know) that it is not his property. All the same, we should be glad to find a big bag of gold.

J. M. L. (Hull) says County Councils are charging prohibitive prices in order to make small holdings a failure. That's the worst of County Councils!

T. W. (Truro) sends a report of a case of catching wild birds with hook and line. This is prohibited as cruelty by the Wild Birds Protection Act, but T. W. says: "Why can the gentry run a poor tame deer to death, shoot birds of any description or maim them, trap hares and rabbits in a most cruel and agonising way for profit, and a poor devil cannot be allowed to snare a bird for food when on the point of starvation?" Two blacks don't make a white.

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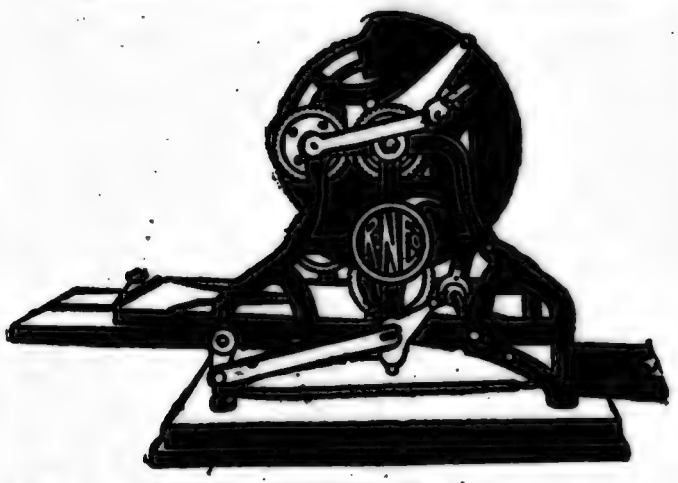

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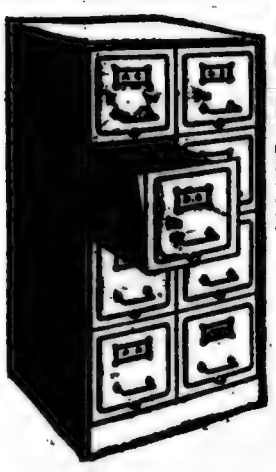

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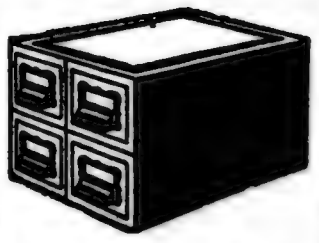

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J. B. (Aberaman) AND OTHERS.—If we paid guineas for pointing out that, by a coincidence, the same number had been drawn upon more than one occasion to form one of the successful fifty, we should probably be called upon to find hundreds of thousands of pounds. What is wanted is the portion of the *front* page of the cover bearing one of the numbers announced five weeks afterwards to be drawn in respect of that particular issue.

G. H. H. (North Kensington).—It is impossible for us to express an opinion upon your dispute with Messrs. Fry and Mason, of 6, Lime Street Square, E.C., without seeing documents. If, as you say, you are under no obligation to them in the way of monies due, they cannot, of course, retain your documents, but whether they have a claim or not against you is a matter upon which you should consult your solicitor.

B. B. (Wimbledon) writes to "The Hon. Jim Crow": "To my mind there is pleasure in everything. It is monotony that kills. Is there anything more beautiful than melody, the voice of a soul?" (B. B. has evidently not heard our cat.) "Were it not for our intelligence, the loveliest of things would be but dross." (Tut-tut!)

A. E. H. (Mitcham). says Spencer and Co. (17 and 18, Railway Approach, S.E.) left a cheap chain with his servant on the understanding that she is to pay them 15s. But A. E. H. has commandeered the chain, and informs them that, if they want it back, they will have to sue for it. Why not let the servant have it for nothing to wear on her evenings out?

"ORCHID" (Birmingham) says that the Corporation there "have a most persistent knack of sending all orders for stock required by the different departments they control either out of the country or out of the city." What Little Englanders! And he says that they are terrible sweaters, too. How our illusions vanish one by one!

T. G. (Manchester) wants to know if there is a Devon or Cornish Association in Manchester.

"MAC," like others of his countrymen, is coming to London. He wants to know where he can take his best girl for "a little quiet spooning and a couple of meals." What about the Zoo?

W. McC. (Willesden Green).—You should not have signed an order if you did not want the book; the canvasser of the Blackfriars Publishing Company appears to have been rather too sharp for you. However, you seem to have a defence if they sue you.

"EXILE" (Montreal) asks: "After all, what can you expect with a French Canadian—a member of an undoubtedly inferior race—at the head of affairs? The latest move of the bunch of French Stigginses that run Quebec province is to prohibit for the first time the sale of liquor at the two fortnightly race meetings at Blue Bonnets, to be held here this summer, while giving permission for gambling to take place."

H. J. P. (Islington) accuses the officials at the Lost Property Office (Scotland Yard) of eating chocolates found in a cab. We always thought they were a bit rash.

E. D. (Widnes).—"*A heroic bulget*" is more correct, but less usual.

A. T. (Aberdare).—The Universal Patents Bureau (20, Copthall Avenue, E.C.) are fee-snatchers. We cannot recommend the other firms you name.

MISS C. G. (Wandsworth).—Of course, lady members will be welcome in the John Bull League, particularly pretty ones.

"AGGRIEVED" (London, E.C.) says his telephone went wrong. He was made to pay 4s. 6d., and a different kind of instrument was put in. But that is scarcely sufficient ground for charging the Post Office with fraud.

W. J. (Edgbaston).—We don't often go to Birmingham papers for our facts. We would rather trust to our imagination.

(*We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.*)

TRADE NOTE.

IN HIGH PLACES.—Probably the hardest-worked man in Holland at the present moment is the physician to the Queen of the Netherlands. We do not know if Court physicians are every happy, for the anxiety and responsibility of their position is positively appalling. The necessity of constantly shepherding their Royal charges, of studying their whims, of being strong enough to veto inclinations, demands a man of extraordinary tact and skill, for even Royalty is caught in the whirling, nerve-wrecking, activities of to-day, and, strangely enough, suffers from overwork! It is very gratifying, however, to learn that most of the Royal personages in Europe owe their freedom from such nervous distresses to the revitalising effects of that excellent preparation, Phosferine. The distinction which this famous English nerve specific possesses in the Royal commands is enhanced, it should be remembered, by the fact that such exalted patronage has the approval and sanction of the great Court physicians.

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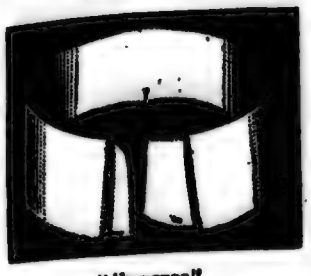

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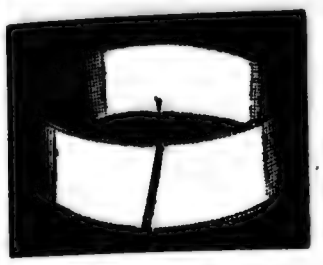

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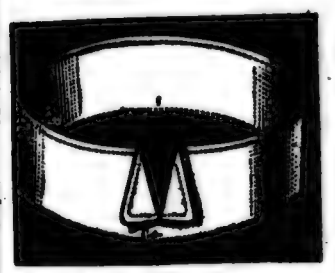

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RACING NOTES.

By W. LOTINGA.
("*Larry Lynx*" *of* THE PEOPLE, *and* "*Magpie*" *of* THE GLOBE.)

Prophetic.

It is literally impossible, writing days in advance of what has now occurred on the first two days of the Epsom meeting, to offer confident predictions for the remainder of the card. At Kempton and Hurst Park the same horses are engaged against each other time after time, and therefore everything depends upon what has occurred in the interim; hints that are absolutely justified now, may look proportionately stupid by the time the race has been reached. Speaking generally, therefore, I can only say that *if* SEAHAM, SYCE and MARCO FRASER have *not* won races, or had their chances seriously discounted—of which readers must judge for themselves—they should be supported for whichever of their many engagements they fulfil. Both SEAHAM and SUMMER, for instance, may be in the small field for the Durdans Plate to-day (Thursday) but with the probability of their having been previously saddled, I must adhere to

SIMONSON,

who, if he gets away, as in last year's City and Suburban, will, on a course he likes, never be caught. All Newmarket vows that Siberia will win the Coronation Cup, but as it is Epsom, I should think of nothing but DEAN SWIFT.

In the Oaks I see no reason to anticipate a reversal of the Newmarket positions, and therefore anticipate a win for

ELECTRA.

At Kempton JACKSON is practically "walking over" for the Addlestone Plate; while assuming that there is a distinct light thrown upon the Windsor Castle Handicap by the Epsom results, my opinion is that ELMSTEAD or GNOME will win it. Of course, we must adhere to ORQUIL in the Kingston Handicap, where the best thing of the entire period is unquestionably

CHESTNUT,

should he contest the Kenton Court Selling Plate.

It is now also essential to deal with Hurst Park holiday programme, in which ORQUIL, MARCO FRASER, and SEAHAM again appear. I should be inclined to once again trust DUTCH—who cannot always be ill-fated—for the Walton Handicap, while

AUBERGINE

has obviously been saved for the holiday handicap into which she is thrown.

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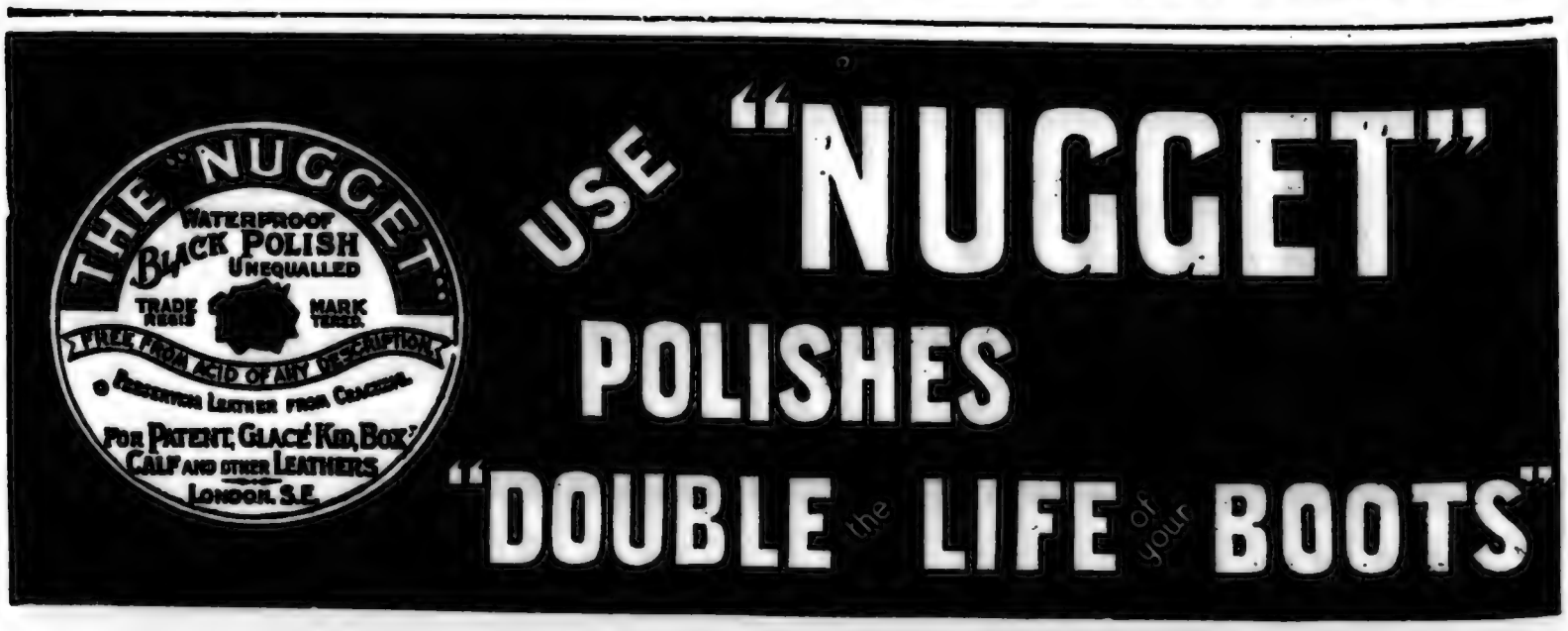

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The following claims have been received for the issue of April 10th:—
J. T. TIBBERT, 9, Cowley Street, Kedleston Road, Derby. (No. 88469.)
G. L. MUSSON, 18, Harland Road, Sheffield. (No. 211867.)
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Mrs. A. M. RUXTON, 23, Keppel Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester. (No. 104234.)

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S. MITCHELL, 11, Marlee Square, Devonport. (No. 83163.)

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INITIAL NOUGHTS SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RECKONED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED JULY 3rd. (PUBLISHED JULY 1st).

RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga.
("*Larry Lynx*" *of* The People, *and* "*Magpie*" *of* The Globe.)

Prophetic.

It is literally impossible, writing days in advance of what has now occurred on the first two days of the Epsom meeting, to offer confident predictions for the remainder of the card. At Kempton and Hurst Park the same horses are engaged against each other time after time, and therefore everything depends upon what has occurred in the interim; hints that are absolutely justified now, may look proportionately stupid by the time the race has been reached. Speaking generally, therefore, I can only say that *if* Seaham, Syce and Marco Fraser have *not* won races, or had their chances seriously discounted—of which readers must judge for themselves—they should be supported for whichever of their many engagements they fulfil. Both Seaham and Summer, for instance, may be in the small field for the Durdans Plate to-day (Thursday) but with the probability of their having been previously saddled, I must adhere to

Simonson,

who, if he gets away, as in last year's City and Suburban, will, on a course he likes, never be caught. All Newmarket vows that Siberia will win the Coronation Cup, but as it is Epsom, I should think of nothing but Dean Swift.

In the Oaks I see no reason to anticipate a reversal of the Newmarket positions, and therefore anticipate a win for

Electra.

At Kempton Jackson is practically "walking over" for the Addlestone Plate; while assuming that there is a distinct light thrown upon the Windsor Castle Handicap by the Epsom results, my opinion is that Elmstead or Gnome will win it. Of course, we must adhere to Orquil in the Kingston Handicap, where the best thing of the entire period is unquestionably

Chestnut,

should he contest the Kenton Court Selling Plate.

It is now also essential to deal with Hurst Park holiday programme, in which Orquil, Marco Fraser, and Seaham again appear. I should be inclined to once again trust Dutch—who cannot always be ill-fated—for the Walton Handicap, while

Aubergine

has obviously been saved for the holiday handicap into which she is thrown.

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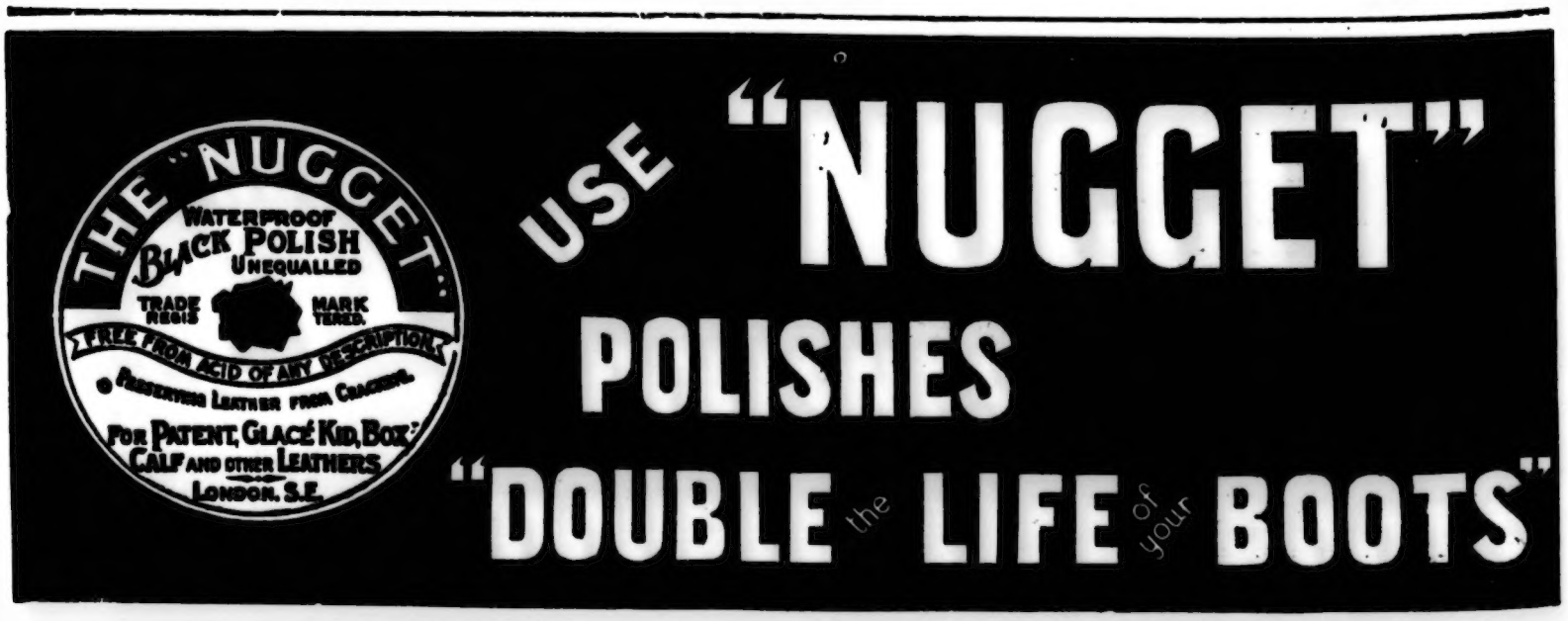

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